

# THE SCOURGE.

AUGUST 2d, 1813.

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THE SCOTCH  
AUGUST 1841  
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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*Timothy Want Place's* Second Letter in our next.

"The real Author of *Junius* unquestionably discovered" shall certainly appear, together with the Review of "*The World before the Flood.*"

More of *Justus's* hints in our next. We should be happy to receive additional information on the same subject.

*Secrets of Drury Lane; or Sheridan and the Committee,* have been received.

*Arnold* and the *English Opera*, shall be attended to.

P. S. on the subject of Mr. *Kenrick's* appointment to commissioner under the Insolvent Debtor's Act, has been received.

*Lord Byron* and *Lady C. Lambe*; the singular anecdote had reached our ears before. We probably may make use of it in our next.

H. H. who has written so virulently against the family of Lord Thurlow, is informed the matter alluded to is amicably arranged. Miss Bolton is now admitted to their circle, and the marriage will shortly take place.

The defence of Mr. Ensor, is like all the writings of that gentleman himself, rhapsodical, desultory, and incoherent. The offer of pecuniary remuneration has not changed our opinion of his merits.

# THE SCOURGE.

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AUGUST 2, 1813.

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*To the Editor of the SCOURGE.*

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DEAR SIR,

IN my last communication I wrote an account of an alarming vision which haunted me in my dreams, and of the wasting malady which was continually debilitating my frame, but I did not inform you of the good offices of my friends, who busied themselves about my person in pretended preparation of my going to Congress for the purpose of a general peace. Oh, Sir, I can hardly paint to you my agonies, my sufferings; and I have really been at a loss to understand the good effect that could possibly result from the loppings, the drainings, and the *multus aliis* privations I have endured, yet I am told it is for the good of my constitution.

Unwilling to waste your valuable time by description, I have endeavoured to sketch in a drawing my precise situation, and the purgatory I am undergoing. I should be happy if you would lay it before your readers, and beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your very obedient,

JOHN BULL.



## CIVIC WORTHIES.—No. I.

It has hitherto been a great omission in metropolitan literature, that of neglecting the biography of our civic worthies; and remembering the vast importance of these gentlemen, and the great interest which they have long, and still continue to excite, we feel ourselves incapable of accounting for the deficiency. Surely no more useful lesson can be collected for the benefit of the rising generation than is to be gathered from their valuable lives. Hogarth has inimitably portrayed civic grandeur and the road to opulence in his *Idle and Industrious Apprentice*; the story of *Whittington and his Cat* has been committed to the press in illustration of former times, and no doubt has had its good effect upon the morals and enterprize of many an apprentice, who by perusing it has been won over to emulation, and inspired by the prospect of the gilt coach and six horses, Guildhall feasts, and Mansion-house dinners. Modern wittlings and punsters, it is true, have played a little with our friend Sir William Curtis, and a few more; but they have not embodied their anecdotes into a chain of narrative, indeed, have done nothing for the cause we have alluded to. To remedy this palpable defect, to shew the origin of some of our great mercantile houses, and the means by which they have arisen to opulence, we have devoted a corner to Civic Biography, satisfied of its importance, and the advantages it holds out to our rising youth. The first we shall sketch upon our canvass, perhaps, is not altogether worthy of imitation; but as we have found the chaff with the corn in the sample before us, we shall not be at the pains of winnowing it, since the contrast, while it may be productive of amusement, will also answer all the purposes we are anxious to accomplish.

The portrait then immediately before us is of a portly disciple of the modern Epicurus, who having eat his way through civic honors and office, now occupies a seat on



the ministerial benches of the national senate, snoring through the long debates, and opening his eyes sufficiently in time to ascertain whether he be to say Yes or No to the question before him, on the opinion of those who still cater to his finances, by portioning him a snug contract as a reward for his vassalage.

Pedigree can never disgrace an honest man, however low its origin; he who by frugality and industry has raised himself to opulence, inherits in himself a sterling quality reflecting more lustre than all which he could possibly derive from a long line of ancestry, noble only as being the descendants of an illustrious founder, whose glory died with him, leaving no more behind than what he purchased by his virtue, his learning, or his courage, and leaving those acquisitions as a satire upon his successors. Thus then, while we travel back a little into the pedigree of our memoired, we shall not advance its obscurity as a blemish, or the paucity of his grandfather in derision; we shall rather give our hero credit for being his own founder, and in narrating to him his origin, give him greater cause for exultation in his present situation, than for chagrin and shame at the meanness of his birth.

Simon —, the grandfather of our hero, quitted his native country (Scotland,) shortly after the rebellion in 1745, with his fortune at his back, consisting of a shirt, a pair of shoes, and two half-crowns; he turned his back upon the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, without any very strong feeling of regret, or the excitation of any of those sensibilities which characterize a love of country. With a light heart he approached Berwick, and bade adieu to his native hills, those hills which had afforded him but inhospitable shelter from inclement seasons: his adieu was accompanied with smiles of satisfaction, and as he journeyed forward with blistered feet, and streaming brow, Hope inspired a patient endurance. Thus did he arrive in the metropolis with only one of his half-crowns expended, his shoes unworn, and his shirt clean.

Losing no time he early equipped himself for the pur-

pose of obtaining employ, and not many days elapsed ere he found himself snugly situated as a porter to a Manchester warehouse with *seven shillings* a week, and the run of the kitchen;—frugal, steady, and honest, he soon acquired the confidence of his employers, and had saved out of his weekly stipend a few pounds, which he continued to augment as a security against future want. By daily association with a female in the kitchen he had gained the girl's esteem; and finding her possessed of many amiable qualities, he conceived an attachment for her, which shortly terminated in a matrimonial speculation, of which one son was the issue.

Simon now thought it high time to advance a step higher in the world, and his ambition was still further awakened by the importunities of his wife, who longed to see herself mistress of a shop; a shop was accordingly taken in the High-street, Borough, and as a slopseller, Simon found his funds rapidly increasing, while his son was advancing in age to take the management of the concern, and reap the benefits of his father's industry.

Simon died leaving behind him property amounting to near five thousand pounds, and a character unimpeachable; he had worked hard, was an honest man, a pattern to his neighbours, and had raised his son in the school of industry and frugality. Young Simon succeeding to the business, for some time trod in his father's shoes, so long as he remembered his precepts and example, and while his mother lived. But at her death finding himself master of eight thousand pounds, he determined to advance a step higher in the world as his father had done before him, and take a contract; the contract did not turn out advantageous, and he sat down at its termination with the loss of a great part of his property. He married, and the only addition he experienced was in his family and in the course of years of eight children.

Simon worked hard but never could recall his thousands, he was a man incapable of energy, plodding and penurious, but by no means calculated for any other

business than behind the counter. And as great fortunes are never made but by speculation, so Simon was only able to save a small trifle out of the maintenance of his large family.

Richard, the immediate subject of our memoirs, at the age of fourteen was articed to a merchant; he was the eldest son of Simon, was shrewd and spirited, and during his apprenticeship was initiated into all the mysteries of monopoly. He found that money was not to be made by common efforts, or common calculations; by the timorous and weak-nerved; but by him who dares venture upon the toss, bringing down ruin or fortune; and making up his mind as to the course he should adopt at the expiration of his time, without capital, or any other qualification excepting assurance, he commenced merchant, issued his bills in the monied market, and made his appearance upon Change with all the confidence of wealth and extensive trade. Tolerably successful in his first start, he gained a reputation favourable to his views, and established a credit ensuring future success.

Master of all the trick and cunning practised by contractors, he bid for a very heavy brandy contract, but was out-bid by a rival: not to be foiled, he immediately, upon the strength of his credit, bought all the brandy in the market, and vended it at a price so far above what had been contracted for, that the rival was nearly ruined. Thus he paved his way, thus he boldly ventured, and with bills in circulation to the amount of half-a-million, commenced a banking concern in conjunction with two others.

At six and twenty he became common councilman, at seven-and-twenty married an heiress, who was deceived with regard to his wealth, and at thirty offered himself a candidate for a vacant gown: failing for the present, he was not to be dismayed from entertaining a future hope, and became a bidder for a loan of SIXTEEN MILLIONS, which he accomplished in conjunction with the late Goldsmids. At six and thirty he succeeded in becom-



ing an alderman, and was certainly possessed of an unfettered property of at least *fifty thousand pounds*! He has now passed the great civic chair, and is generally considered worth two plumbs and a half; he is a member of parliament, and so avaricious that he still looks forward to contracts with the same earnestness as ever, and offers himself the willing tool of the minister of the day. Speak of his grandfather as he was, his pride contracts into an indignant frown; ashamed of his origin, and the honest members of his family, he hates all conversation about pedigree, and only plumes himself on what he is.

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### READY-MADE CHARACTERS.

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Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.—You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.

SHAKSPEARE.

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SIR,

AFTER looking round very closely this once great emporium for merchandize, and perceiving almost every trade and calling, except those connected with the destructive system of war, in a state of rapid decay, permit me, through your extensive publication, (having a little property at my command, and finding no better mode for its use,) to announce a plan, which after much expence and labour has been brought to maturity, and which, it is trusted, will be found serviceable to every rank in society.

Without keeping you longer in suspense, be it known, that I have an intention, as well for my own private emolument as the benefit of others, to open a wholesale and retail *Ready-made Character Warehouse*, where it is proposed to keep a large and valuable assortment, properly adjusted either for domestic or foreign service, and manufactured agreeably to act of parliament,

To give the public, through your means, some idea of the nature of my intended plan, I beg leave to submit to their perusal the following synopsis, or brief sketch thereof, which, it is presumed, will convince them of the utility of the undertaking, and excite that patronage which is often too liberally bestowed on concerns of far less importance to society in general, and to individuals in particular.

And first, the ladies are respectfully informed, that I have manufactured an extensive variety of *Reputation Preservers*, or *Scandal Shades*, designed for the frequenters of balls, routs, or tea-table *conversations*, exclusively got up in the first style of elegance for home consumption. It may not be improper also to add, that cracked reputations will be fine-drawn or neatly darned, tender ones strengthened and bolstered in a tasteful manner, and decayed characters so artfully padded and repaired as to exhibit all their fascinating attractions.

The practisers of law, physic, and divinity, may likewise meet with an immediate and useful supply; from the seedy Old Bailey solicitor to the silk-robed barrister, from the bar to the bench, and from the bench to the wool-sack; from the meagre apothecary, &c. to the *secundum artem* destroyer of the human race; from the lean curate to the fat rector, and from the sleek dean to the pompous prelate. In short, the Reverends, Most Reverends, and Right Reverends, may all be furnished with an article of superior quality, equal to any bespoke work in the kingdom. The *quacks* of these two latter professions, (the venders of poisonous pills, and the cushion-thumping dealers in damnation,) will also be accommodated suitable to their wishes, on moderate terms.

Merchants and tradesmen will be furnished with well-manufactured *Detection-proof Characters*, inscrutable to the chancellor, commissioners of bankrupts, &c. !!! These truly invaluable articles will not be come-atable at any other warehouse in the United Kingdom, and cannot but be singularly beneficial in the present flourishing state of

the country. Likewise, *Patent Insolvent Characters*, so peculiarly framed as to meet the provisions of the new act.

Left-off characters bought, sold, or exchanged, and fresh burnished, so as to look like new. Second-hand characters, for public departments, supplied on the shortest notice.

N. B. To be disposed of by private contract, a small chest of *Whig Characters*, that are of no further use to the owners; likewise a variety of *Patriotic Characters* to be sold, extremely cheap, being rather mildewed from want of exercise; together with a few *Hertford* and *Jersey Veils*, in much request at the west end of the town.

Now, Sir, considering the great difficulty that has frequently occurred to many with hitherto first-rate reputations, of keeping pace with the opinion of the world, I flatter myself this plan will be considered a *desideratum*, and as such receive that encouragement which it may ultimately be found to merit. I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

GREGORY GLOSSOVER.

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### VAUXHALL FETE!

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SIR,

I HAVE heard it repeatedly vaunted that "the Vittoria fete" at Vauxhall has never been equalled in this country, in point of magnificence of decoration, and gratification adapted to every sense; but I must beg leave to inform you, that I myself witnessed a fete at Vauxhall in the year 1756, greatly surpassing in splendor the one recently given. It was in honour of Lord Clive's return from India, and all the magnificence of the Eastern world was studied upon that occasion. The glare of lamps was only exceeded by the brilliancy of the fire-works, which in my estimation have never been equalled, illuminated temples, volcanos, ships on fire, balloons, &c. forming a part of their picturesque and sublime effect, which are



never attempted now. Then, Sir, for music, nothing could exceed the old English harmony, so far surpassing the rapid jargon of notes practised by the modern school, and the bands clustered in the various parts of the garden, beneath trees, or concealed under woods, gave to the whole a pleasing and aerial effect truly sublime and beautiful. The viands prepared on that occasion were costly and in profusion; the wines comprehending every variety were scattered over the tables, exciting the cloyed appetite, and stimulating inclination. Then the whole had this advantage, that no one was excluded from the festival upon conforming to the rules of application; but no favoritism was shown, the planner of the fete did not select *eight hundred* of the names that were present, in exclusion of fair applicants, the tickets were brought fairly before the public, and delivered according to seniority of demand, until the whole number intended to be admitted was regularly issued. To conclude this part of my subject, Sir, I must repeat the Vittoria fete was nothing in point of splendor or accommodation to its predecessor. And to prove this by modern remains, let me direct your attention to the decorations and paintings of the saloon, and the room at the end terminating in the garden. These were done in honor of that occasion; and let me ask, did not they form the most splendid part of the late occasion.

But, Sir, to have done with the brilliancy of fire-works, lamps, paintings, and music, the profusion of viands and wines, feeding cloyed appetite, let us inquire, was this the best method of shewing our gratitude to that brave army who conquered at Vittoria? Was it the most liberal and enlightened? Will the news of it allay the pangs of the wounded, mitigate their sufferings, or be pleasing to the hungry jaded soldier, worn with toil, borne down by fatigue and long endurance? Will it ease the hearts, or contribute to the comfort of the widow and orphan living to deplore the battle which deprived them of their natural protector? Sir, would not a liberal subscription for the sufferers, instead of a fete, have been more grateful

to the army, and to the brave conqueror at Vittoria; and ought it not to be our duty to wait with consolation and comfort for those brave fellows who fight for us, that we may administer to their wants when they cry out, that we may protect their wives and children in their absence, and welcome them home with the reward of their services? Sir, I will ask one question, and have done: Had a subscription of two guineas and a half a head been set afloat, would the office of Sir C. Flint have been so crowded as it was on the occasion alluded to?

If ever the English character was displayed in a light at once ferocious and unmanly, it was at the late entertainment, so improperly denominated a national festival. The very principle of exclusion on which it was established, was in itself sufficiently offensive; and the influence of a great personage in the circulation of tickets, decidedly indicated the feelings and opinions that would be most prevalent in the assemblage to which they obtained admission. An injured and insulted princess was not likely to receive a cheering welcome from the ministers and dependants of the court; and when the consort of the Regent of these realms appeared among the assembled nobles, soldiers, and gentry, to join with becoming condescension in the national festivity, she was received with the most marked and striking indications of coldness and insult. Not a member of the royal family, except the Duke of Gloucester, displayed to her the common offices of civility: the wife of their royal relative, and even the attentions of the duke, were regarded with evident dissatisfaction by the courtly circle. While the C——s, the H——ds, and the L——s, occupied the most conspicuous and convenient situations in the assembly, the consort of the heir apparent, destined in all probability to be at an early period the Queen of England, was unable to obtain a seat, and was condemned to mingle with the crowd, unattended but by her private and confidential servants. Such treatment from the great ones of the nation would, under the most equivocal cir-

cumstances, have been cruel and unmanly ; but since the character of the Princess has been completely cleared by the publication of the Book, it displays the omnipotence of interest over every feeling of virtue and decency. The crowd were presented with the sight of royalty forlorn and neglected, because of the noble and independent spirit by which it was accompanied ; and the daughters and the sisters of our nobility, and of the middle classes of society, were taught to draw irresistible comparisons between the rewards of open adultery and acknowledged innocence.

If the statement which I am about to record, be as correct as the quarter which I have received is respectable, the sentiments of the courtly throng cannot be mistaken. I am assured, Sir, will you believe it? that Lady Douglas was, within the last month *concealed beneath the roof of the keeper of the powder magazine in the park*. By whose influence, or under whose auspices, this place of effectual protection was offered to her acceptance, I shall leave your readers to conjecture.

GREY BEARD.

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Miscellanea.

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THE UNWELCOME RENCONTRE.

A well known character in the annals of the turf of the name of Cl—ke, otherwise Vauxhall Clarke, whose son was executed some years back for shooting at a sheriff's officer, attended according to custom at the last Ascot races, where no less a person than the P—— R——t himself was also present. During the interval that occurred between two races the above-mentioned Mr. Cl—ke, who is not possessed of any of those softer sentiments that characterize the frequenters of a *drawing-room*, rather abruptly stated that he wanted to speak to his R—— H——s, but was informed that such conduct was indecorous, and could not be complied with, notwithstanding which he still persisted, until the D—— of Y——k observing the pertinacity of Mr. C——, proceeded to expostulate with him, but all to no purpose, for it appears that R——l arguments have no more effect upon sporting men than the reasoning of



the commonest plebeian, for the character in question far from attending to the d——, vociferated aloud “Don’t tell me indeed, about not speaking to the Pr—e; I will speak to the Pr—e; yes I will speak to him!!—I say.” Perseverance is allowed to be the most effective weapon that can be used in compassing any end that may be desired, which was fully verified in the present instance, for Mr. Cl——ke, in defiance of all impediments, at length found himself in the presence of the dignified personage he was so desirous of seeing.—The P——e on beholding this old blade of the turf, exclaimed “*Ah, C—ke, what are you there? how do you do?*”—“*Pretty well, thank your R——l H——s; I hope that you are the same!*” answered the blunt son of Nimrod, who finding that all was MUM upon the subject which most affected his feelings, thus continued after a few minutes pause; “*I say, your R——l H——s, when am I to be paid the hundred pounds which I won of you four years back, when I betted with you against the field?*” This blunt query produced an awkward sensation in the mind of the personage so addressed, who having stated his surprise that the *honourable debt* in question was not cancelled, concluded by saying that the matter should be looked into, and if the demand was correct the money should be forthcoming. “Why your H——s knows it is right,” answered Mr. C——ke; “and it is high time a *four years* sporting debt should be discharged!” Thus terminated this laconic *converzatione*, which is shrewdly surmised to have acted as a preventative to the attendance of the R——l visitant at the following day’s races.

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IN order to make a due estimate of the distinguished abilities of General Sir John Murray, and to defend Ministers in their choice of him as commander of the late unfortunate expedition against the French in Catalonia, we were led to inquire into his Parliamentary influence, the only true criterion of his merit, and we find it unexceptionable — he can command EIGHT SEATS in the House of Commons! Who shall dare in future to reprove the Ministry for want of judgment? It may be said probably that he who can command eight seats in that assembly may be deficient in the requisites of a military commander; but this reasoning is upon false premises, for parliamentary influence can qualify in every branch of science or art.

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As a court anecdote, the following deserves to be rescued

from oblivion as conveying a tolerable notion of the relationship which has for a great length of time existed between King, Lords, and Commons, to the evident prejudice of the constitution, which as a weed has grown out of it, and destructively clings to the root of the parent stem. On the accession of his present Majesty to the throne, in the distribution of places, the then Lord F—— applied for that of Captain of the Yeomen of the Guards, which his Majesty had already disposed of to Lord C——. The King, with great condescension, expressed his regret that the office was filled, and recommended to his Lordship one of considerable value in lieu of it. Lord F—— replied, “Please your majesty I have *made up my mind* to that appointment, and can accept of no other.” The King regretted it, and they separated. The next morning Lord F—— sent his son to the Palace, who required a private audience of the sovereign, which was granted, where he delivered the following *singular* message: “Please your majesty my father desired me to wait upon you and say he *possesses* SEVEN BOROUGHs.”

“Well,” replied his majesty.

“It is all I was authorised to say,” resumed the other.

“Oh very well, very well,” cried the King, recollecting himself, “I understand you, I understand you.” It is needless to observe, that his lordship got the appointment, and Lord C—— received compensation in another way.

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Among the anecdotes related of the late George Frederick Cooke, the comedian, the following may be considered as singularly illustrative of his whimsical character. A very great intimacy subsisted between him and Incledon, the singer; each being delighted with the talents of the other, it was their habit when together of enlivening the glass by alternate song and recitation, and thus they have frequently socially enjoyed the evening without any other company than the bottle. It happened, however, in a provincial town that Incledon, out of spirits, felt himself not at all disposed to gratify the wish of his friend with the “*Storm*,” and out of humour retired to his bed. Cooke was not to be discomfited. After the other had retired about an hour he furiously rang the bell, called the landlord, and upon his coming, enquired who that man was that had been sitting with him?—the landlord, in astonishment at the question replied, “Mr. Incledon.”—“Charles Incledon,” stormed Cooke, “it is no such thing— the fellow is a d—d impostor, who has stole my

watch and my purse; and I insist upon your sending for a constable instantly." The frightened landlord complied; the constable arrived, and the party proceeded up stairs to the presumed delinquent's chamber--- Incledon was awoke out of his sleep, and confounded at the charge, which Cooke persisted in, still denying all knowledge of him. It was in vain remonstrating: Incledon could identify himself no other way than by singing the *Storm*, which he at length consented to, and Cooke was satisfied. The song concluded, he turned round to the constable and exclaimed, "It is *Charles Incledon* sure enough, for no man but himself could sing that song in such exquisite stile."—Giving the man a guinea for his trouble, he continued, "there, you may go, I have no doubt but I shall find my watch and purse before the morning."

It is related that the grandfather of Sir Francis Burdett was in the commission of the peace, and resided at Foremark in Derbyshire, that his wife was much pleased and amused by sitting on the bench, and hearing the justice business, but that she always retired whenever a case came on to be heard calculated to shock the ears of discretion. A fellow of more wit than prudence, it appears, often occasioned the departure of the lady justice, being charged six or seven times a year, at least, with *increasing* the population without deference to the service of matrimony, and as it was necessary to go into the *detail*, his appearance was always a signal for Lady Burdett's retreat. On one of these occasions she met him at the door, and seeing him rather dejected, said "Ah, Charlton, what here again?" "Yes, my lady," replied the fellow; "and for the old offence." "Fie, fie, upon you," replied her ladyship, "fie upon you, Charlton, why won't you leave the maids alone, why don't you see and get a wife." "So I does sometimes, my Lady," said Charlton; "but then *the husbands* make such a pothor." The days are altered since Charlton's time, at least in high life, for now a days a man takes a wife for self and friends—so it is said in the neighbourhood of Manchester Square.

Jessamy Hunt says, in one of his *Examiners*, the best definition he ever heard of a good dinner was by a little girl, who being asked "well, N—, have you had a good dinner?" replied, "yes, very good;" "How do you know?" "because I have had *too* much." Is there an Alderman in London who would not have made the same reply?



*Query.*—Was it because the Princess of Wales had signified her intention of being present at what was termed the *National Fete*, that the Regent absented himself contrary to the EXPECTATIONS of the Committee?

A number of disappointed applicants for tickets for the late Fete declare there was no making any *impression* on *Sir C. Flint*; that he remained obdurate to their intreaties, and true to his trust.

The Irish papers good humouredly tell us, that the Spanish Cortes have *indirectly* invited Marquis Wellington to be the King of Spain! it is strange, but they will never leave off their Hybernicism. Surely they forgot that the Cortes are fighting for the *restoration* of Ferdinand! and that the Spanish government have as little pretext for making Wellington their King, as Buonaparte had his Brother Joseph.

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THE ROYAL SALUTE, AND DOWNFALL OF  
WIGGLISM; OR,  
*Great Granny, Little Pickle, and Lawn Sleeves\*.*

To the tune of "Chevy Chase."

God prosper long our good princess,

And may it ne'er befall,

That she should suffer keen distress,

And feel detraction's gall.

For though assail'd by venom'd darts,

Like virgin gold—a store;

The crucible, to view imparts

An unpolluted ore,

Then treason, hide thy baneful head,

A nation's will obey;

Truth strikes th' envenom'd monster dead,

And beams a cloudless ray.

And long live too that princess young,

Who, warm'd with virtue's glow,

Pours fond affection from her tongue,

To heal maternal woe.

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\* The transaction related in this poem took place a few months back at W—r.

But now the story to unfold  
That bids me thus indite ;  
The young princess could you behold,  
Your eyne she wou'd delight.

For she is passing fair of face,  
And though her limbs impart  
External symmetry and grace,  
More lovely is her heart.

She hath withal a spirit high,  
Which Granny will confess ;  
Seems moulded from the self-same die  
Whence sprang renown'd Queen Bess.

It hap'd, so runs my rueful lay,  
The princess liv'd alone ;  
Because her husband wou'd not stay,  
To naughty ladies prone,

And from her too her child was torn,  
Consign'd thus to another ;  
That she might pine her days forlorn,  
A sad, neglected mother.

Yet spite of threats from Granny's tongue,  
And dames of high degree,  
The charming girl to parent clung,  
For mother she would see.

By river Thames a Castle stood,  
And hard-by might be seen,  
A modern palace, passing good,  
To entertain a Queen.

So there sojourn'd the princess sweet,  
Beneath old Granny's eye :  
With her she shar'd the R——l treat  
With all the R——l fry.

But still to parent she was true,  
Fast bound by duty's fetter ;  
To whom she wrote what did ensue,  
And got responsive letter.

The scroll she read, and press'd the same,  
A mother's lov'd inditing ;  
Then o'er and o'er she kiss'd the name,  
And bless'd the well-known writing.

Now as her soul from guile was free,  
Suspensions all were dead ;  
So she of desk ne'er turn'd the key,  
This letter having read.

Now forth from chamber princess hied,  
And staid some minutes ten :  
Then like an airy sylph did glide  
Into the room again.

And lo ! from out the desk she saw  
Old Granny something choose ;  
'Twas mother's letter in her claw,  
She long'd so to peruse.

Indignant glow'd the charming maid,  
Her wrath to flame was fann'd ;  
She onward rush'd, of naught afraid,  
And tore it from her hand.

Old Granny, swell'd with passion hot,  
She utter'd taunts amain ;  
That touch'd upon her parent's lot,  
Youth could no more refrain.

She rais'd the hand : 'twas wrong I own,  
But passion sees not clear ;  
Youth always is to error prone,  
She box'd old Granny's ear.

The news was spread, both far and wide,  
Dispatch was penn'd with speed ;  
Full gallop did the lacquey ride,  
With tidings of the deed.

Papa his monstrous whiskers twirl'd,  
While conning act so vile ;  
Still as he read, for all the world,  
He could not help—but smile.



Then came Lord C — — r so wise,  
 Amain his wig he shook ;  
 Breath'd forth a volume of surprize,  
 And then call'd forth a look.

Sage Bishop too was order'd down,  
 To prophecy like Nixon ;  
 That Miss would never wear a crown,  
 If she prov'd such a vixen.

Lawn sleeves in chaise and four, drove on,  
 Whilst after him did bowl ;  
 The P — e with Ch\*nc\*ll\*r : — bluff Don  
 Of Cossack : — cheek by jowl.

The great-folks all talked matters o'er,  
 But by the fam'd Saint Jago ;  
 She prov'd as stubborn as before,  
 A naughty young virago.

So P — e and Ch-nc-ll-r went out,  
 And Bishop left behind 'em ;  
 Saying : “ when tam'd her passion stout,”  
 With Granny he would find 'em.

Then Bishop talk'd, but all he said,  
 Did not impress her mind ;  
 Wherefore his words on vacuum fled  
 Just wafted to the wind.

At length from grave he turned austere,  
 And wagg'd his tongue much stronger ;  
 Till liking not sach terms severe,  
 She could endure no longer.

But rising prompt with passion big,  
 Of threats a direful scorner ;  
 From sconce she plucked off rev'rend wig,  
 And hurl'd it in the corner.

Then thus address'd the mitr'd sage,  
 “ Hence forth good manners learn,  
 “ Nor dare my Pr-nc-ly mind enrage,  
 “ Such insolence I spurn,

“ Not you, with all the world, shall e'er

“ My fix'd intention alter ;

“ A mother shall my soul's love share,

“ From that I'll never falter.”

No more she spake, but straight withdrew

Thus setting tongue a tax-on ;

While rev'rend Bishop looking blue,

Stoopt down to pick up caxon.

And as he plac'd the same on brow,

“ He says by star and garter ;

“ This will kick up a dreadful row,

“ God bless us what a Tartar !”

Thus having spoke, away he sped,

Racking of sconce each cranny ;

To think, good Lord, what wou'd be said,

By Pr-nc-ly G——e and Granny.

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## ON THE THEATRES.

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### LA SINCERITE ANGLOISE, contre L'AMBIGU D'UN FRANCOIS.

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IN the last number of the *Scourge* appeared my paper upon the subject of the performers at the Opera House, and I am now prompted to renew my labour, in consequence of the leading article inserted in No. 368 of *L'Ambigu*, comprising a stricture upon our public places during the months of March, April, May, and June of 1813. To state that I feel contempt for the production adverted to would be insufficient, as silence must in such case have been the course pursued ; on the contrary, the perusal of this *partial* essay excited in my breast emotions that have given rise to the present ebullitions of my pen : but to the point. The writer of this precious article, after descanting upon the exhibition at Somerset House conducts the reader to Spring Gardens, in order that he

may eulogize the productions of Mr. *Huet Villiers*, whose labours most certainly command applause; but whether such had been the fact or not, the artist in question is a *foreigner*, and the knowledge of that circumstance alone was sufficient to bias the conduct of *L'Ambigu*; from the last-mentioned place we are next escorted to Mr. *Stroehling's* Egyptian Saloon, which being by the bye shut up, the public is obliged to contemplate in *imagination only*; but *L'Ambigu* informs the community that in this painter's productions "*il a deploye une grande richesse d'imagination et une touche digne des plus grands maitres*;" of course, unsight and unseen, all must be taken for granted, because forsooth Mr. *Stroehling* is also a *foreigner*. On retiring from this imaginary Egyptian spectacle, the reader is led to the contemplation of *amateur Coates*, who is justly stigmatised for his folly, self-conceitedness, and vanity; and after this gentleman is dismissed, Drury Lane and Covent Garden are honoured with notice; these strictures just occupying *eight and twenty lines*, when immediately upon their heels comes an account of the *Opera House*, consisting of *nine pages*, which disparity in *quantum* of matter is easily accounted for, when it is recollected that the two former are British theatres, while the latter is the scene of *foreign* representations. Here then, gentle reader, it is requisite for me to make the *grand stand*, for, according to *L'Ambigu*, all dramatic excellence centers in the Haymarket; it is there the loves and graces hold unrivalled sway; in short, the Opera is England's terrestrial paradise in the estimation of the writer in question, whose inflated comments, however, I think fit to dwell upon for reasons which will become manifest to every subject of my native land on perusal of the present paper. Previous, however, to this investigation, I beg it may be understood that I do not wish unfairly to depreciate the just merits of any foreigner. I profess myself, on the contrary, an ardent admirer of talent, in whatsoever clime it may have been nurtured; but at the same time I must not forget what is due to the merits of my own countrymen.



*L'Ambigu*, after descanting upon the non-appearance of *Mad. Angiolini*, passes an eulogium on her representative, *Miss Lupino*, who, bearing the name of a foreigner, it is presumed the writer erroneously imagined was from beyond seas; whereas, the dancer in question is a native of these shores, a fact which, if known, would no doubt have obliterated from the page of *L'Ambigu* the just encomium thus passed upon her merits.

The writer next proceeds to treat concerning the merits of Mr. Didelot, in a style so truly bombastic that one would really imagine the author was pouring forth rapturous hyperboles to an adored mistress, in lieu of commenting upon the merits of an opera dancer; to follow the inflated language of this Quixotic scribbler, would only prove disgusting to an English ear, wherefore I shall content myself with offering a comment on Mr. Didelot's dance in the *divertissement*, entitled "the Russian fete of the Katchell;" which, however characteristic of the manners of that country, is not a species of diversion calculated for the boards of an Opera House; without, indeed, an unmeaning twisting or wriggling of the feet backwards and forwards, accompanied by gesticulations that would become the uninformed savages of Kamtschatka, be called dancing, in which case, the performance of this gentleman might indeed rank as the summit of all excellence. For my own part, I must confess, that I frequent the theatre in question to see ease, elegance, agility, and lightness, not one of which ingredients was discoverable in this amalgama of buffonery and stupidity. The foregoing paragraph, be it understood, is not intended as alluding to Mr. Didelot's acknowledged merits as a dancer; for he most certainly is master of his profession; it is only written by way of contrasting *no dancing at all* with *real dancing*, which Mr. Didelot can display whensoever he pleases, and the only wonder therefore is that a person should so far prostitute real ability.

With respect to Mr. Vestris, he has already established his fame, and therefore, like a sloven, has for a conside-

nable time back disdained all practice, the consequence of which is that he obviously falls off, and can now scarcely point the toe in the true operatic style, while his wind is so bad that after a little exercise he absolutely puffs and labours at his vocation in lieu of taking it with ease and airiness: one excellence, however, this performer most certainly lays claim to, and that is in the execution of the *pirouette*, for which he stands unrivalled.

On the subject of Miss Smith and Mr. Noble, *L'Amigu* just gives *four lines*, of course being *English performers*. Now as I have a little more honesty in my nature than the author of this French comment, I shall beg leave to tell him, and the public, that I regard Mr. Noble as the most promising dancer at the Opera House; his person is light, his figure pleasing, his action graceful, and his execution so brilliant that he appears more an aerial than earthly being; nor am I at all singular in this predeliction, as I constantly find persons in the pit of the Opera express themselves as being greater admirers of the performer in question than any other individual who treads the boards. Now being engaged upon the subject of this meritorious English dancer, I beg to acquaint Mr. Didelot that I have frequently noticed his mean artifice in appointing Messrs. Noble, Byrne, and our own countrymen, to appear in the conclusive dance of the night, which has not taken place till between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, a mode of proceeding obviously resorted to in order to depreciate the true merits of these respective performers by leaving them to exert their powers when scarcely *one hundred spectators* are left in the theatre.

After wading through nearly five pages of this Gallic composition, I must direct the reader's attention to the infamous and insulting manner in which *the English taste* is treated under the head of Mrs. Dickons, of whom he says, to quote his own words, that "*sa voix est ANGLAISE sa methode ANGLAISE, elle charite devant une audience ANGLAISE, il n'est pas etonnant, d'apres cela, qu'elle recoive DU GOUT NATIONAL la recompence due a*

ses efforts," or to express the same in my native tongue: "Her voice is ENGLISH, her manner ENGLISH, her auditors ENGLISH; it is therefore by no means astonishing that she should receive from THE NATIONAL TASTE the recompence due to her merits."

Now let me ask if this conduct is bearable from a man sheltered by the laws of this country, and whose dependance is upon British patronage; in short, it is nothing more or less than holding up to derision the PARTICULAR TASTE of an ENGLISH AUDIENCE in applauding Mrs. Dickons; its want of real judgment being thus completely established in this writer's opinion, than which there never was perhaps a more gross and insolent assertion, hazarded by an upstart foreigner, who forgets that the very auditors in question have sufficient TASTE to appreciate the merits of a Catalani, a Tramezzani, a Naldi, &c. But by way of giving the *English character* a conclusive blow on the score of TASTE, we are told in *L'Ambigu*, under the same head, when speaking of the abilities of Naldi, that "*Le benefice de cet artiste distingue nous a paru ties-brillant; mais peut-on dans ce guere juger sur LES APPARENCES SURTOUT D'APRES L'INDIFFERENCE CROISSANTE DU PUBLIC ANGLAIS POUR LES TALENTS ETRANGERS.*" Or, *The profits of this distinguished performer were, to all APPEARANCE VERY GREAT, if indeed, we may be permitted to judge from APPEARANCES, PARTICULARLY AFTER THE ENCREASING INDIFFERENCE WHICH IS MANIFESTED BY THE ENGLISH FOR THE TALENTS OF FOREIGNERS.* I cannot pretend to determine what my reader may think of this insolent attack, but for myself individually I do conceive it to be not only a gross libel on the national character, but also a most barefaced untruth, since so far from evincing any dislike to foreigners and their talents, I do conceive that the public has in many instances disgraced itself by fostering such personages to the manifest detriment of indigent and deserving national merit. Having now sufficiently obtruded myself upon the notice of the public, I



shall conclude by stating that it will henceforth be my uniform practice to keep a sharp look out, and should any thing worthy notice transpire in *L'Ambigu*, or at the *Opera House*, I shall not be backward in giving it publicity.

A MAN OF FAHION, *but not of the New School.*

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### A LETTER TO WILLIAM KENRICK, Esq.

*Barrister at Law, Recorder of Dover, a Welsh Judge, and M. P. for Blechingly in Surrey; on his Opposition to the Insolvent Debtor's Bill, in the Commons, and his proposed motion for depriving the Unfortunate of the benefit of the Rules of the King's Bench and other Prisons.*

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SIR,

THE world is in the habit of viewing with jealousy the man who proposes to limit the comforts of the unfortunate, or deprive them of the few beneficences of older times. Nay, Sir, the cold-hearted himself is warmed into the inquiry, of who can the man be, what are his motives, and whence springs that rooted enmity in his bosom which seeks to drop its poison on the head of the wretched?

Penitence for the most daring crime ever produces pity, and expiatory suffering never fails in wringing from the heart tears of commiseration—the comforts of the most abandoned felon are in some sort considered, and there are few offences visited with more than a temporal punishment, which expiring, sends forth the warned culprit upon society, freed from the past, and at liberty by honest industry to gain the name he had lost. It is for you, Sir, to answer why the debtor alone should not be liberated from his burthens after many a bitter year's endurance and long imprisonment—it is for you, Sir, a Barrister and a Judge, to answer this question: You who have deliberately considered his case, and decided against him: You who, as a representative of the people, have

*conscientiously* discharged your duty, voted for the continuance of his bondage, and given notice of a further limitation of the few privileges which modern coercion has left him. You may justify, and give me reasons for this line of conduct, dictated by the head; but I am doubtful whether you can find one emanating from a good heart, or one just principle of English feeling. You may probably draw conclusions from your practice, which has been more than ordinarily exercised in support of, or opposition of bad causes, and thus infer against those men whose free air and exercise you now oppose: but, Sir, on whatever grounds are founded your present feelings, overwhelming the wretched debtor, you will allow me to question the soundness of your judgment, to say nothing of those sentiments of philanthropy and fraternity which belong to human nature, but which are observable to act by nicer ties among all the rest of the creation.

You must allow me to doubt, Sir, whether your name can be mentioned respectfully—whether it can be ranked by the side of those distinguished men, *Moir, Redesdale, Romilly, &c.* or whether it would be disgraced by collision with those men who have so signally exerted themselves by the blindness of their measures to give grandeur and stability to the great enemy, to exhaust in extravagant and childish expenditure the resources of the country, who have lowered the national flag, sterilized the sources of commerce, and opened the gates of our prisons to the aged and afflicted, whom they have ruined. Sir, the utmost perversion of the law of libel which legal ingenuity can torture into existence, cannot restrain my doubts. I will leave you to guess at them, and you need not be scrupulously nice in estimating their nature or value; suffice it that I know you, and having learned thus much, you will be more readily directed to the solution of my suspicion.

At a time when the utmost industry of the tradesman can hardly secure to him and his family the humble means of mere existence, when a variety of unhappy causes have

conspired so weaken public morals, no one more so, than the profligacy of the rich compared with the pressing poverty of the tradesman; when good and feeling men have united for the purpose of alleviating the miseries of the debtor; under such complicated evils, it was rather a bold policy, Sir, that urged you to damp the exertions of the former, and chill the hopes of the latter; but for this the name of William Kenrick would have been but little known—as it is, I hope it will not be forgotten.

Let it be engraven on the marble tenement of misery, not as the benefactor, but the cold and rigid judge, with eye unshaken, with heart unmoved, witnessing the obduracy of earthly suffering, and with the severity of a frown on the wretched, sanctioning and protecting the ministers of sin. Sir, it will live in the hearts of those miserable men, shut out from society by an obdurate creditor, on the feverish tongues of their afflicted wives, and the little children, deprived of a father's labor, hovering round an empty board—crying with hunger, pale and emaciated with long fasting—as they shall be taught to read, and when told of William Kenrick, Esq. will they not breathe a mortal hate? will they not—nay, I will not say it—they will remember you in their morning orisons, but in such a way will it not be an agony to you to know it? There are hearts conceived, as it were on sterile rock, which is not warmed to animation by the sun's glow, hearts that circulate the living blood through tendrils of iron, imparting to the human frame the hardness of its nature, and planting its index on the brow: these may make good citizens, because they infract not the law; these may make good judges because they hold the balance of justice with an unrelenting hand, and the scale is never turned by one tear of pity or one sigh of sorrow—but are they acceptable in the eye of the Lord, who wept over human woes, who suffered for human crimes, and died to redeem the sinner? These men, incapable of all the tenderer feelings of sympathy may prosper in worldly affairs, because self is the great stimulant of their actions, founding their prosperity by inflexible dealing, just but cruel, softening their



outward nature, as occasion suits, to entice, then enforcing the penalty of their bond with unrelenting rigor when fortune has given them power to oppress.

Man, when he is not the friend of man, when his heart is only swayed by self-love, may be likened only to the beast of prey, who in his nature devours, and errs not, because *it is* his nature; but one contrite heart moistened with generous sentiment and alive to the nicer feelings of sensibility, shall find more favor in a Saviour's grace than myriads such as these.

With these views of human nature, allow me, Sir, to press upon you the question—on what principle you opposed the Insolvent Debtor's Bill? and another, what advantages do you imagine society and the fair creditor will derive from your promised motion, if it is carried, of depriving prisoners for debt the benefit of the rules? That it will pass the house into a law, I am not in the least apprehension of, because Lord Ellenborough has too great an interest in the question not to oppose it, and the philanthropists are too numerous to allow it occasioning a division.

With so faint a prospect of success, without a shadow of hope gleaming to light you on, was you, and are you so inveterate in your nature, that what you know you cannot effect, you will aim at, merely to gnash your teeth at the wretched, and shew them what you would if you had the power—if so, it must be some consolation to the unfortunate to know that William Kenrick, Esq. has already reached the climax of his power, that no higher seat on the bench will ever receive him, and that, as a Welsh judge, and a recorder of Dover, he must be content to continue; but, Sir, I am inclined to give you credit for better motives, I have too great a respect for the bench to believe that it does not possess its proportion of the gentleness of human nature; and although we have heard of passionate judges, huge feeders, and hearty swearers, yet that they are swayed by the same sympathies with the commonality of mankind.

I presume, Sir, you found your motion on the belief that the rules of prisons are sanctuaries for fraud and vice—I readily yield that the instances are too common; but, Sir, before you shut out the light and air from the innocent, see if you cannot devise some remedy against this abuse, and if you cannot, remember what that holy book teaches us from which we derive our religion and the first principles of our judicial code—it tells us that it were better twenty criminals escape than that one innocent man should suffer; but I am of opinion that the remedy is easy and might be supplied by enquiry into the nature of the debt for which the party is imprisoned, and the goodness of his character; if these are correct, they should entitle him with proper security to the rules, but in the contrary case they should not be extended to him; in like manner all cases of insolvency.

Sir, I am obliged abruptly to conclude, for I feel that within the limits of this letter, I cannot convey all I wish to express, and that I have already exceeded the number of pages which the editor can allow to his correspondents: thus circumstanced, I shall take the liberty of resuming the subject, and beg leave to subscribe myself,

Sir, Yours, very obediently,

AN ENGLISHMAN.

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### OBSERVATIONS ON SUICIDES AND CORONERS' JURIES.

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SIR,

THE frequent recurrence of suicides in this country, and particularly in the vicinity of the metropolis, cannot but be matter of the most serious regret to every reflecting mind, and seems imperiously to call for some prompt measures that would either act as a check or prevention. The interference of the legislature has often been exercised on occasions of far less importance; happy would it be for society—thrice happy indeed for individuals, were that interference the present theme of panegyric.

It has long been an opinion, which has forcibly operated on my mind, that the *false delicacy*, to call it by no other term, so often adopted by coroners' juries towards offences of this nature, tend more to encourage the practice than any circumstances arising from the *depravity* or *insanity* of the parties. The charitable intention of returning the greatest number of those cases as the effect of *lunacy*, however well-intentioned, is productive of incalculable mischief. It is, in fact, palliating, if not absolutely encouraging, the very crime it was intended to punish; and so long as this continues to be the fact, we shall have to deplore their frequency. This position I will endeavour to establish in the subsequent observations.

To discover a principal source of the evil complained of, requires no great depth of penetration. Let those who have ever witnessed the mode of investigation adopted in offences of this kind, but candidly weigh every attendant circumstance, and they will not, unless blind to conviction, long hesitate in drawing a similar conclusion. Prejudice, also, operates forcibly in favour of this national calamity. For it is an unvaried opinion of many that it is not possible for any one in possession of their reason to commit suicide. Under this impression they attend a jury — in this idea they are generally supported by the officer who presides; and all the evidence to the contrary—however clear—however satisfactory, to an unprejudiced mind, cannot obliterate the erroneous impression.

In aid of this, the number that is generally sworn on coroners' juries operates very forcibly. In order that the investigation should not be delayed, names to twice the amount are cited; and if twenty, or even the whole twenty-four, attend, they are all sworn: so that, allowing for the general prejudice before hinted at, however clear the evidence may appear to the few who dare think for themselves, they are, ninety-nine times in a hundred, overpowered. For, contrary to other juries, it should be



recollected, that unanimity is not required. The majority is taken ; and their opinion, however contrary to reason, constitutes a verdict.

In confirmation of these observations, I will take the liberty to cite an instance ; by which those who have never served on a "crowner's 'quest," will be the better enabled to appreciate the subject.

A young gentleman, the son of a clergyman in — shire, came to town to complete himself in chirurgical knowledge, and, as is usual, attended one of the hospitals. What too frequently happens when the parental restraint is taken off, he indulged himself in the fashionable levities of others of the like class, and by some of them was introduced to the gaming-table. Here, perhaps, indulging sometimes to excess, and overstepping the bounds his moderate means prescribed, he contracted debts with his companions, which he found impossible to discharge. Embarrassment naturally ensued in his other concerns. Supplies from his friends had been granted as long as was consistent with prudence ; at least, so long as he had the temerity to make any demand. These, it is natural to conclude, were not unaccompanied with suitable remonstrances from his father, whose amiable disposition was admitted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Checked, however, from the possibility of answering the demands of those by whom most likely he had been wantonly defrauded, and alive to those feelings which are ever most acute in men not hacknied in the ways of vice, he formed the desperate resolution of immaturely terminating his existence.

To accomplish this purpose, he left his lodgings at the west end of the town, and went towards the New Church, in the Strand ; where observing a hackney coach, he engaged it, and desired the coachman to drive him to St Paul's Church-yard. With the fatal determination still uppermost in his mind, and nicely solicitous not to commit an act of fraud on the coachman, he with the greatest promptitude paid the man his fare immediately on tak-

ing his seat in the vehicle. During the short period occupied in proceeding down Fleet-street, he pulled out a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket; and having wrote his name and address, he put it into his hat, which he deposited on the opposite seat. By this time he had reached the beginning of Bridge-street, and directly facing the Obelisk he applied a loaded pistol to his head, and blew out his brains.

The unusual report in such a place soon brought a number of people round the coach, and seeing the unfortunate youth weltering in his blood, they directed the coachman to drive to St. Bartholomew's Hospital with the greatest speed. This was accomplished in a few minutes; but, alas! the vital spark had flown for ever. A jury was of course formed, which consisted of nineteen persons. Much debate ensued, in consequence of the difference of opinion, and in which the writer of this article took a decided part; but being overpowered by numbers, with the coroner, "himself a host," at their head, he was left in an inglorious minority of *four*. The verdict, of course, was returned—*lunacy*!

Now I would ask any unprejudiced mind, taking all the circumstances into cool and candid consideration—the non-appearance of any previous symptoms of insanity;—the providing the fatal instrument of destruction, and charging it with its murderous contents;—the name and address left for the express purpose of information to those who might first approach him;—whether any man, or body of men, possessing common understanding, could, unbiassed, have deemed these the acts of a lunatic? I am well aware, that there are periods when insane persons have a return of reason; but where will Mr. Coroner, or those who are led away by any *sophistry* made use of on the occasion, for *argument* it cannot be called—where, I repeat, will he or his abettors find those "lucid intervals," so forcibly dwelt upon, productive of such a concatenation of regular events? They may, it is admitted, frequently witness tricks of cunning or decep-

tion; yet where, in the course of practice, will be found an instance of recollection, and so strong a confirmation of sanity, as evinced in that one circumstance of discharging the fare of the coachman? But what avail proofs, however obvious, to men who have so fatal a bias operating on their minds? When they attend juries of this kind they go loaded with prejudice. Every attempt to convince them by the powers of reasoning is unavailing. Like the reptile alluded to by the Psalmist, they stop their ears to every argument that militates against their opinion, "charm it never so wisely." Even in the very instance just mentioned, I heard three or four of my brother jurymen express the utter improbability of any man in his senses committing suicide, before ever a single witness had been called in for examination? To what purpose then is evidence sought for, if men, through *ignorance* or *obstinacy*, assemble on these occasions with the idea of lunacy so strongly impressed on their minds? But this, I am convinced, is generally the case; and an attentive consideration of the verdicts given, will eventually confirm the opinion.\*

Were interments according to the law in those cases made and provided more frequent than they are, such repeated acts of suicide, to the no small mortification of coroners in general, would not occur. These *lunatics*, as they are termed, would have "lucid intervals" sufficient to warn them of the consequences. They would cherish some delicate feelings towards surviving friends or relatives. And however the contrary may be contended for, I am convinced it would have its due effect on the minds of many, who coolly and deliberately adopt

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\* The abettors of these sentiments would do well to recollect, that one of the earliest instances on record forcibly operates against them. When Ahithophel, a counsellor belonging to Absalom in his rebellion against his father, found that his advice was not followed, and being apprehensive of the consequences that might ensue to himself, he "gat him home to his house, and put his household in order, [i. e. arranged all his temporal affairs,] and then hanged himself."—But this arrangement, I suppose, was produced in a "lucid interval !!!"



the fatal resolution of embarking on this unfathomed sea of troubles.

To strengthen the opinion that there is a possibility of at least checking this lamentable practice, I will, in conclusion, instance a mode of punishment which I have been credibly informed was had recourse to in one of the Swiss cantons.

Some years since suicides had obtained to such an alarming height in one of the above districts, that it was not uncommon for twenty or thirty in a month to fall victims to this dreadful mania. Their numbers at length attracted the attention of the magistrates, and a consultation was held for the express purpose of adopting some effective measures to prevent so wide-spreading an evil. Many plans were proposed; but the following was unanimously approved of, and a resolution entered into for its immediate adoption: "That whoever from that time committed so disgraceful an act, should have their bodies exposed in a state of nudity on a cart, and be drawn through the principal streets, at the most public time of the day, without any respect to age, rank, or sex." This was rigidly enforced; and it very soon had the salutary effect not only of checking the crime, but of rendering it, in the short period of two or three years, as uncommon in the district alluded to, as in any part of the habitable world.

Trusting that the legislature will take this matter into serious consideration, or that more *enlightened* and *unprejudiced* juries may in future have to determine on occasions of this nature, I remain, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

July 18, 1813.

J. P.

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### PROPHEESIES.

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SIR,

THE paucity of poetical articles in your last month's number, has induced me to send you the following, for the purpose of removing what some of your readers have

tion; yet where, in the course of practice, will be found an instance of recollection, and so strong a confirmation of sanity, as evinced in that one circumstance of discharging the fare of the coachman? But what avail proofs, however obvious, to men who have so fatal a bias operating on their minds? When they attend juries of this kind they go loaded with prejudice. Every attempt to convince them by the powers of reasoning is unavailing. Like the reptile alluded to by the Psalmist, they stop their ears to every argument that militates against their opinion, "charm it never so wisely." Even in the very instance just mentioned, I heard three or four of my brother jurymen express the utter improbability of any man in his senses committing suicide, before ever a single witness had been called in for examination? To what purpose then is evidence sought for, if men, through *ignorance* or *obstinacy*, assemble on these occasions with the idea of lunacy so strongly impressed on their minds? But this, I am convinced, is generally the case; and an attentive consideration of the verdicts given, will eventually confirm the opinion.\*

Were interments according to the law in those cases made and provided more frequent than they are, such repeated acts of suicide, to the no small mortification of coroners in general, would not occur. These *lunatics*, as they are termed, would have "lucid intervals" sufficient to warn them of the consequences. They would cherish some delicate feelings towards surviving friends or relatives. And however the contrary may be contended for, I am convinced it would have its due effect on the minds of many, who coolly and deliberately adopt

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\* The abettors of these sentiments would do well to recollect, that one of the earliest instances on record forcibly operates against them. When Abiathophel, a counsellor belonging to Absalom in his rebellion against his father, found that his advice was not followed, and being apprehensive of the consequences that might ensue to himself, he "gat him home to his house, and put his household in order, [i. e. arranged all his temporal affairs,] and then hanged himself."—But this arrangement, I suppose, was produced in a "lucid interval!!!"

the fatal resolution of embarking on this unfathomed sea of troubles.

To strengthen the opinion that there is a possibility of at least checking this lamentable practice, I will, in conclusion, instance a mode of punishment which I have been credibly informed was had recourse to in one of the Swiss cantons.

Some years since suicides had obtained to such an alarming height in one of the above districts, that it was not uncommon for twenty or thirty in a month to fall victims to this dreadful mania. Their numbers at length attracted the attention of the magistrates, and a consultation was held for the express purpose of adopting some effective measures to prevent so wide-spreading an evil. Many plans were proposed; but the following was unanimously approved of, and a resolution entered into for its immediate adoption: "That whoever from that time committed so disgraceful an act, should have their bodies exposed in a state of nudity on a cart, and be drawn through the principal streets, at the most public time of the day, without any respect to age, rank, or sex." This was rigidly enforced; and it very soon had the salutary effect not only of checking the crime, but of rendering it, in the short period of two or three years, as uncommon in the district alluded to, as in any part of the habitable world.

Trusting that the legislature will take this matter into serious consideration, or that more *enlightened* and *unprejudiced* juries may in future have to determine on occasions of this nature, I remain, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

July 18, 1813.

J. P.

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### PROPHECIES.

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SIR,

THE paucity of poetical articles in your last month's number, has induced me to send you the following, for the purpose of removing what some of your readers have



considered as a matter of serious complaint, and likewise of shewing the possibility of prophesying without possessing any of the cabalistic powers of Nixon or Mother Shipton. It may also answer the salutary good of allaying the fears of that class of political beings justly termed *croakers*, who pretend to be so feelingly alive for the fate of their country.

Yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

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**PROPHETICAL IMPROBABILITIES;**

OR,

**ENGLAND, WOE TO THEE!**

WHEN roasting-jacks are water-mills,  
And milk-pails worsted stockings;  
When mountains change to small mole-hills,  
And serious truths are mockings:  
When silver spoons are leather thongs,  
And pickled salmon milk;  
When muslin bonnets are tea-tongs,  
And copper saucepans silk—

Then, England, woe to thee!

When Thames and Lea are chang'd to moats,  
And wether mutton veal;  
When frying-pans are turn'd to boats,  
And dough to Swedish steel:  
When leaden spouts are judges' wigs,  
And palaces pig-styes;  
London's three bridges dancing jigs,  
And Truth a telling lies—

Then, England, woe to thee!

When money's had at two per cent.  
And bank notes ragged dancers;  
When happiness is discontent,  
And wolves are Polish lancers:

When learned dogs ascend the bench,  
And dumb men turn to praters ;  
When sharks and whales are chub and tench,  
And lions tavern-waiters—

Then, England, woe to thee !

When dying speeches are bell-ropes,  
And men a hanging carrots ;  
When greedy hogs are holy popes,  
And frogs and toads Poll-parrots :  
When butterflies are beaux and belles,  
And lapstones toasted cheese ;  
When bishops dance at Sadler's Wells,  
And lawyers take no fees—

Then, England, woe to thee !

When tinder is both flint and steel,  
And pancakes sing in chorus ;  
When misers' hearts are made to feel,  
And our backsides before us :  
When sugar-plumbs are tennis-balls,  
And grow in ladies' pockets ;  
When Billingsgate is in St. Paul's,  
And rushlights Congreve rockets—

Then, England, woe to thee !

When kings and queens are three-legg'd stools,  
And millstones downy pillows ;  
When wisest men are arrant fools,  
And black-thorn bushes willows :  
When Monday morning's Saturday night,  
And Tuesday falls on Sunday ;  
When blackamoors are washed white,  
And every week's but one day—

Then, England, woe to thee !

When British seamen cowards turn,  
And Frenchmen cease to dance ;  
When Stoics with hot passions burn,  
And certainty is chance :

When pensioners refuse their pelf,  
 And patriots cease to brawl :  
 When egotists spurn I myself,  
 And crown and mitre fall—  
 Then, England, woe to thee !

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## THE PRESENT STATE OF MEDICINE.

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A countryman belonging to the village of ———, in Hampshire, having occasion to consult the surgeon of a neighbouring town on the indisposition of his wife, informed him that she was afflicted with a *fistula*.—"What, *in Ano* ?" exclaimed the doctor "No, not *in Ano*," replied the man, "but in the next parish to it !" The anecdote is usually related by the wits of the medical profession as a singular example of popular ignorance ; and while every case in which they are employed, and every prescription they write, betray the most gross mistakes, and the most deplorable unacquaintance with the common principles of natural philosophy, they affect to despise the harmless ignorance of the uneducated clown. The truth is, that the great body of medical practitioners are guided completely by those superficial and inaccurate publications, which, under the form of medical epitomes, administer to the caprices of the hypochondriac, and to the indolence of the professional pretender. Experiment and reflection are supplied by an occasional peep at Nesbit or Buchan, and by an indiscriminate employment of those violent remedies that in the hands of the skilful physician are the most valuable blessings, and in that of the regular or irregular empiric, the most dangerous and destructive poisons. The indiscriminate prescription of calomel for the bile, of ipecacuanha for disorders of the stomach, of steel for languor, and of opium for watchfulness, is at once decisive of the moral and intellectual attainments of the great body of medical prac-



tioners. The same external indications of disease are always treated with the same remedies, without regard to age, or sex, or constitution; and thousands of unfortunate victims fall an annual sacrifice to the rashness and indolence of the individuals to whom their lives have been committed.

But the living members of the medical profession will naturally represent these observations as false and calumnious, and as it is not our intention to sustain them by a personal reference to our medical contemporaries, let us adduce in their support the evidence of history. It appears that for several centuries the root of Eringo was regarded by the profession in general as one of the most powerful and immediate restoratives, as an infallible remedy in the most inveterate cases of debility; as communicating vigor to the father, and beauty to the children. Within the last fifty years it has been discovered that the cures it effected were owing to the self-confidence derived from a firm persuasion of its virtues, and that Eringo possesses no properties which are not common to mallows or liquorice. A century has not elapsed since the supposed discovery of an infallible remedy for gout and fever in a wonderful and precious stone, imported from India. It was supposed to be found in the beds of diamonds, to rank among the most rare and precious productions of nature, and to be the cause of longevity in the Great Mogul. Its reputation extended from one corner of Europe to another: a celebrated physician had the honor of presenting a complete Bezoar stone, weighing precisely 3 oz. 2 dwts. 9 gr. to Queen Ann, and in return for the present, received the honor of knighthood. Folios were written on its wonderful and secret virtues; it was carried in silver boxes to balls and routs, and neither pills nor powders could be administered to a member of the fashionable world without a *dust*, or mixture of the bezoar. The delusion continued for five years: the patients died, and the physicians having become their own apothecaries, retired on their fortunes.

This last branch of the medical tribe, indignant at this new and unexpected monopoly of gain, instituted a series of experiments, by which they clearly proved that this wonderful production in lapidarian science was neither more nor less than a mixture of pipe-clay and ginger, manufactured at Woolwich, and sold to the doctors through the medium of labourers on board the ships from India.

The credit of the Bezoar stone having thus subsided, some other omnipotent medicine must be: and as the diseases of infants occupy a conspicuous department in the medical catalogue, and are of all disorders the most productive, a universal remedy for all descriptions of ache and convulsion was discovered in laurel-water. Throughout the united kingdom this remedy was annually administered to more than fifty thousand infants, whose deaths were ascribed by their parents and medical superintendants to the exhaustion of the frame, from the violence of the convulsions. It is probable that between the year 1720, and that in which Sir Theodosius Boughton was poisoned, this remedy had been administered to 2,500,000 infants. On that occasion it was proved that a single drop of laurel-water, administered to an adult, was productive of immediate death; and it must therefore be concluded that of these millions of infants one half at least must have died by poison administered by members of the faculty.

The same employment of dangerous or useless remedies still continues; and China root, sarsaparilla, and a thousand other medicines, either directly pernicious, or totally destitute of virtue, have successively evinced the ignorance of the physician, and tormented or destroyed the patient. But it would be useless to enumerate particular instances of neglect and ignorance so deplorable; they are familiar to the unbiassed reader whose studies have been directed to the art of medicine, and the preceding facts will satisfy the curiosity of those who bestow only a transient attention to the subject.

The pharmacopœias and dispensatories of former times exhibit extraordinary instances of caprice, superstition, and absurdity. Viper's flesh was regarded as an infallible remedy for its own poison; dog's tongue was constantly employed, because its name denoted the shape of its leaves, as a sovereign remedy for a bite; and another plant was regarded as efficacious in diseases of the heart, because it resembled in its growth that part of the human body. Millepedes, and all kinds of vermin, were in universal request; medicines were compounded of more than two hundred ingredients, so that a moderate dose contained even of the most inefficacious articles the 150th part of a grain; and a jumble of heterogeneous ingredients was regarded as infallible, because there existed a tradition that it was the invention of Mithridates, King of Pontus! All these examples, however, of ignorance and folly are exceeded by the absurdities of the present pharmacopœia, which describes processes that cannot be performed; calculates their results at twenty times more or less than their actual quantity, and details the proportion of subsistences in mixtures that cannot be combined. This authoritative production of the Royal College of Physicians is a striking and decisive evidence of the general ignorance or negligence of the profession, and will be a lasting opprobrium to our age and country.

M. M.

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## PAPER MONEY.

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MR. EDITOR,

It is useless to wade through all the arguments that have been advanced for, and against the paper money of the national bank; so many volumes have been written on every side the subject, that it has long grown tedi-



ous, conviction has not grown out of the discussion, that is, with those whose *interest it is to believe* that a pound and a shilling are of equal value with a *guinea*, and I dare say what I have now to advance, will not be productive of better effect.

The most prominent assertion, and that upon which the defenders of paper money founded their chief support, was, that a guinea would not, and could not, pass for more in the articles of life than a one pound note and a shilling: and upon this subtle and weak tenure, did they maintain their position; but, Sir, I deny in toto that a pound note and a shilling will purchase as much in the market, as a guinea will; and I deny that government have any means of preventing the great disparity of value, which subsists between them; for gold you may actually buy twenty per cent cheaper than for paper, and in many instances much more. I was present when a fishmonger at the west end of the town, offered a turbot for one guinea in gold, or *twenty-eight shillings in paper*; the gentleman could not pay in gold, and the tradesman would not deduct one shilling from his demand, declaring that he experienced the same difference in relative value at Billingsgate market. I was also present, Sir, at Robins's auction room under the Piazza, on the 9th of this month (July) when *two guineas* were put up in a lot for sale, by auction, and were actually knocked down to a purchaser at TWO POUNDS FOURTEEN SHILLINGS, DUTY *included!!!* You may easily conceive my astonishment, Sir, to find the current coin of the realm submitted to the hammer, and finding its value in the opinions of private bidders, having no legal standard but fluctuating its price according to the avidity of public demand—this will be scarcely credited, but it is true and I refer the sceptic at once to my source of information—I was present at their sale and have the catalogue in my possession, in which they were lotted. Nay, more, several guineas were put up for sale, that had been pawned; particularly *three* pledged April 1812, at Kember's, a pawnbroker at Knightsbridge.

In addition to these facts, I wish briefly to notice, that so depreciated is the value of Bank of England notes, since the *new coinage* of guineas, which are worth no more than *seventeen* shillings, and so *excessive* was the demand for them, in exchange for paper, when they were understood to be ready for issuing, that previous to FIVE THOUSAND of them being put in circulation, the Bank directors in great alarm caused their immediate suspension in payment.

Sir, these are facts, the contradiction of which I challenge ; the latter I have from the *highest* authority. Does not this look like an alarming state of things, and is not the question of where it will end, of vital importance to the government? In a future number, I may probably trouble you with a few observations on this subject, interspersed with facts of an extraordinary nature, connected with the Bank of England. In the mean time, I beg leave to subscribe myself, Sir,

Yours, &c.

L. S. D.

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### AN ESSAY ON NOTHING.

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FROM nothing nothing can be expected, and as I have nothing to do I have resolved to reason upon nothing, and determine its relative value with something ; yet upon reconsideration, as I am about to say nothing, I shall contradict myself by advancing something. Nothing must be my present theme, and as my brain is revolving nothing, and I have nothing to eat, nothing to drink, nothing to think on, nothing to live by, revolving thus into a state of nothingness, in the way of getting nothing, and having nothing to lose, as I have nothing to make me happy, so I have nothing to care for.

Many people would deplore my situation, and say nothing could be worse ; but I am prepared to prove they know nothing at all about it ; however not being inclined

to confer upon them my secret, I shall say nothing about it, and thus give them nothing to condemn; or else how amply could I prove nothing, like a mum senator, a brainless author, or a learned casuist; for example, if I have nothing to eat, am nothing hungry, and have nothing to perplex me, nothing becomes tolerable. It is better to do nothing than hang yourself, write nothing than commit a forgery, say nothing than libel your best friend; nothing in the first instance conduces to happiness, in the second is thoroughly harmless. Thus nothing can be better than nothingness, which clearly shews that if nothing is made subservient, nothing may be rendered of advantage.

The man in want of nothing becomes a cheerful citizen and a good companion. Nothing on the throne is harmless; nothing from princes may be expected. The miser parts with nothing; the patriot is bold who has nothing: the soldier fights for nothing, and many people do nothing to ensure the respect and esteem of the world in which they live; in short every man has his nothing; nothing is to be found in princes' or courtiers' promises: thus dependants hang upon nothing for support. Mr. Henry Hase's promises are nothing, for nothing but an exchange of paper can be got for them. Modern poets prose on nothing, and by nothing are rewarded.

Now, Sir, although I have thus far advocated nothing, I would gladly change my theme for a pork-chop even in these sultry days. I am sitting in my back attic, and have nothing before me either to gratify my appetite or my eye; nothing stares me in the face, hand in hand with hunger; and shortly expecting to be identified with nothing, I have written this essay to conciliate our acquaintance.

To be candid with you, nothing vexes me more than nothing. I hate his vacant gaze, his withering form, he has dried up the moisture of my veins, fed upon my wasting frame, and tanned with parchment's hue and substance my lank and hollow cheek. My teeth's sockets start back their cloathing from the bone; but nothing seems wedded to me by indissoluble chains, and I must be reconciled.



My present communication having nothing in it, is thoroughly harmless I presume. I set out with nothing, continued with nothing, and shall conclude with nothing. it is hard to have nothing to see, yet I have never seen NOTHING. Allow me to say, may nothing ever vex you, but I hope you may never be by nothing vexed, as has been always the case with yours, &c.

TIMOTHY SHADOW.

P. S. I have said a great deal about nothing ; but as this is no uncommon case with literary gentlemen, it will excite no surprise among your readers.

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### ORANGE LODGES.

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IN our last we adverted to the establishment of Orange Lodges in this country, and attempted to convey some adequate idea of their baneful tendency as applied to king and constitution : we then promised a further investigation of the subject, which we are now anxious to perform, not at all thinking that it requires less attention because its principal props have lowered their tone, and temporarily slackened their exertions. We are by no means inclined to believe that *because* the House of Commons has denounced them as illegal they will cease to meet ; but that while we hear less of them they will by secret means extend their influence, and drop their roots more secure in every part of the kingdom, to the evident danger of the constituted authority, and to the revival and nurture of those religious animosities which cannot but be productive of a destructive termination.

In the present alarming state of aristocracy, the House of Commons cannot but be calculated upon as its principal engine ; where individuals are collected together as representatives of the nation to advance its strides, and insure its power. The commons, principally composed of monopolists, whose greedy avarice has been fed

by war, and who feel themselves allied to that government through whose measures they have thriven, and by whose influence they still amass their riches, can no longer be considered as the house of the people, it speaks not the people's voice, its enactments are the measures of the servants of the crown, who, contrary to the constitution are its members; biassed by such men it never detects criminality but in its opponents—a Croghan meets with punishment, but a Duke of Leeds is declared for a similar offence, with an additional aggravation of circumstances, *free from censure*:—thus then aristocracy has bound its cords so tight round the Commons House of Parliament, that its denunciations against the encroachment of power is febrile, while it is alarming in its exercise against the weak.

Will Orangemen, under the sanction of the Regent and the Duke of York, will they cease to meet *because* ministers, in the Commons, have declared them illegal: what magistrate will be found to exercise his authority in their suppression—no one, we venture to predict—no one; for we have heard of no one unshackled from the state, no one hardy enough to liable himself to the suspicion of being inimical to the illustrious names already cited.

The snake then broods more dangerous, being in secret; she litters her young close to our tread, she spreads and scatters her progeny in our usual haunts, and she prepares to raise her hydra head with terrors that appal us, and will involve even her foster-parents in the same ruin.

But let us enquire into the origin of this dangerous institution: we have the official pamphlet before us issued by its founders in this country, from that then let us collect our evidence, and draw our conclusions. By way of introduction the pamphlet informs us that “at a time when the detestable principles of the French revolution threatened to destroy the constitution and religion of surrounding nations, the Orange institution arose in Ireland. Its services are on record.” On record! yes, engraven by fire and

sword upon the hearts of those who remember the rebellion, the ruins of the town of Naas still record its services, and the county of Wexford still exhibits its ravages. I do not mean to lay the whole work of devastation upon the shoulders of Orangemen; no—I mean to say that their intolerant oath against Catholicism, lighted up a torch in that unhappy country, a torch of extirpation still burning; that oath gave birth to and fed an endless resentment, a bitter and lasting animosity which will never terminate while Orangeism shall last. Jealousy pervades every recess in Ireland, and every man fears his neighbour: whence springs this suspicion, but from the formation of confederate societies confederated for party purposes?

The pamphlet proceeds to state “that Orange lodges were also established here, at first small in number, the rebellious associations of the followers of king Lud closely resembling in many material features the principles and practices of the united Irish, caused the aid of the Orange institution to be invoked in Lancashire, where it has much extension, and from its establishment much benefit has resulted.” I should have been better reconciled to the institution, if the author had in this place instead of *assertion* furnished a few instances of the benefits which have resulted! This assertion far from proof strengthens my opinion; he must say something, and he could not have said less.

He proceeds “the confidential advisers of the sovereign have thought fit to abandon as a cabinet, the protection of the protestant ascendancy, and of the whig principles which seated the House of Brunswick on the throne, the maintenance of the constitution has devolved upon the good sense and attachment of the country.” Admitting this, let me ask will the ‘good sense’ and attachment of the people to the throne, be manifest by the formation of intolerant parties? will the security of the throne be better established by the association of Orangemen, or the protestant ascendancy secured? No! neither of these objects will be obtained—the throne will be weakened barring



interests and the ancient hate of catholics revived. An Orange lodge will be the retrograde starting-post, to former prejudices and persecution; we shall be travelling back into ancient gloom, and the barbarities which characterized the early ages.

At present catholics and protestants associate in England upon perfect terms of brotherhood; they each follow their religious duties, and when they meet every other subject of discussion amuses the time but that of religious opinion, and which in controversy is calculated to weaken the bonds of friendship. The establishment of Orange lodges then will put an end to this friendly intercourse. The suspicions of the catholic will be excited against his quondam friend—distrust will terminate their meetings, and rancour in the breast of each, will germ against the other.

Secret societies are of the most dangerous order, in which politics or religion are introduced; every lover of his country must deprecate them, every loyal man must tremble at their existence. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of York *were*, and I believe *continue* to be members of the first instituted Orange lodge instituted in the 4th foot, a regiment raised by King William. While confined to this regiment, the evil was not of magnitude; but mark how ill weeds vegetate, see how it scatters its seed, and how dangerous it is to suffer the poisonous plant, because in itself it is not dangerous to root and thrive on the soil. I know that this unwholesome seed has been scattered through London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Norwich, Sunderland, Deal, Dover, Chelmsford, Hull, Leeds, Halifax, Newcastle upon Tyne, Sheffield, Bury, Exeter, Plymouth, Chester, Cambridge, Coventry, Oldham, and a variety of other places, that notwithstanding the malediction of parliament they *continue* to meet, to spread their influence and branch out in new towns. I could whisper a word in the ear of princes who patronize this institution, that every poison has its antidote, and some so subtle that with the disease the inoculator himself may fall.

Since writing the above, a circumstance has come to our knowledge of a recent occurrence in Ireland, corroborative of our opinion, and illustrating by another instance that hateful spirit of party, which the establishment of Orange lodges has, and still continues to encourage. We have been referred to its happy effects in the sister kingdom, let us look at a recent example.

On Monday the 12th of this month (July) the anniversary of the battle of Aghrim, the members of the Orange lodges established in Lisburn and its vicinity, assembling to the number of about *three thousand*, marched in procession with several respectable men at their head to the Linen-hall, where they heard a sermon and returned in good order. However in the evening they again assembled, marched through the streets with all the Orange insignia, attracting the attention and exciting the ill-blood of persons of an opposite persuasion. They were severely pelted with stones, mud, &c. and one party in particular, who had collected at the house of a man of the name of Thompson, was much annoyed, when being prepared with fire-arms they rushed out of the house, fired upon the mob, and several persons were shot dead on the spot. *Belfast Com. Chronicle.*

So much for the social order preserved by Orangeism !!!

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## THE REVIEWER, No. XXII.

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*Vagaries Vindicated. By George Colman.*

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THE Quarterly Review having "d—d" Mr. Colman "in toto, as so indecent that he ought not be read, so dull he cannot be perused; as an author probably unheard of but by those who know something of the low *farce-comedy* writers of the present day," Mr. Colman has brought forth the present publication as a reply to the charge of immorality and indecency.

The positions by which he endeavours to defend his inuendoes, and the story of the Parson and his Shirt, in the Vagaries, are, that those who do understand them know as much as he can tell them ; and they who do not, are nothing the worse from reading them ; that Fielding and Goldsmith had placed the clergy in ridiculous points of view, without intending to bring discredit on the cloth ; and that to ridicule the individual, is not to degrade the profession.

But Mr. Colman forgets that the hero of his story might have been selected with as much propriety from any other profession, or from the great body of the laymen, as from the clerical order ; that in matters of indifference, the cautious side is the best, and that the world is chiefly composed of individuals too *knowing* not to understand an inuendo, yet far removed from that absolute corruption that they are likely to cherish and complete. The whole humor and identity of the sketches left us by Fielding and Goldsmith depend upon the clerical character of their original : we regard the portraits of Adams and of the village curate " passing rich with forty pounds a year," with feelings of mingled pity and admiration : all their singularities are aggravated, and the value of all their benevolent eccentricities enhanced by the consideration of their profession. There is surely some difference between drawing the portrait of a parson as he is, and selecting a parson as the hero of a ridiculous tale, when a common layman might have contributed as effectually to the amusement and instruction of the reader.

It is a common remark, that our violent passions are seldom excited by an object that we thoroughly despise. A giant would not unsheath his weapon, bluster, and look big at the sight of a naked stripling, nor a tyger alarm the woods with the expression of his rage in a harmless contest with a kitten. If Mr. Colman really felt for the " things" of criticism, the contempt that he professes, if he had published a quarto at all, it would have been less



profuse of vehement exclamation, and unpolished epithets.

Whatever may be thought, however, of the validity of Mr. Colman's defence, of his wit and ingenuity there can be but one opinion.

The following lines contain a case in point :

“ A matron sour there was, a formal fool,  
The mistress of a female boarding-school,  
So much of this world's wickedness she knew,  
She made her pliant pupils learn it too.  
Evil reveal'd, that they might evil shun,  
And like a watchful priestess of the sun,  
Enjoin'd her virgins, morning, noon, and night,  
To keep their lamp of purity alight.  
One day she led them forth, as wont to do,  
Round Walworth's rural brick-kilns two by two,  
And as they march'd behind her awful back,  
The merry chits maintain'd a half-quell'd clack.  
Soon, to her partner, as the prattle ran,  
Spake a pubescent damsel in the van,  
Miss! tho' it looks so fine, 'twill rain to day,  
I know it, for I heard a jack-ass bray :  
The other, full as weather-wise, said, no,  
It won't, miss, for the cock is crowing so.  
The priestess overheard---with choler burn'd,  
And furious on the novices she turn'd :  
Children, she said, it is a thousand shames,  
To call such creatures by their naughty names,  
Fye on such words! I can't think where you got 'em,  
Call them a biddy and a *jackey bottom*.  
The lecture sunk in either virgin's mind,  
They marvel'd much, enquir'd, and then combin'd,  
Gain'd new ideas their discourse to rule,  
And grew quite learned ere they left the school.”

After saying that if his verse were omnipotent, parsons and poets should be affluent, he exclaims,

“ Then too, would I, poetic drudgery done,  
Taste the dull joys of dot and carry one,

Would dare inspect accounts, and bolder still,  
 Tax items in a ticking tradesman's bill;  
 Hear the tame insolence, without a shock,  
 Of a stiff dun's loud, sullen, single knock;  
 First by admission, given without delay,  
 Surprise him, then astonish him with pay.  
 But wherefore rear these castles in the skies,  
 Gay dreams that fade when reason opens her eyes!  
 Bid reason wake then, what does she behold?  
 A curate who "in conscious virtue bold,"  
 Can boast a scanty board, a creaking bed,  
 Nine small ones living, and small beer that's dead.  
 A sweeting, sour'd by care, to patch his gown,  
 And Bible with the leaves in Job turn'd down.  
 A frost-nipt poet, who in thin attire,  
 Invokes a frigid muse to lend him fire,  
 Who, when his hat he puts upon his pate,  
 Claps a ring fence around his whole estate,  
 And will, when his embarrassments are o'er,  
 Have paid his debt of nature, and no more."

We cannot refrain from expressing our surprise at the typographical deformities, arising from the caprice of the author, and the negligence of the printer, that disfigure every page of this *Vindication*. In a work, containing sixty pages for half a guinea, and printed in a large and straggling type, the third line of the preface contains the word *utter* spelt with three *t*'s (*uttter*); and Mr. Colman inserts the apostrophe after the *e* in all his preterites, even where it is preceded by a vowel or soft consonant. *Alleged*, for instance, is printed *allege'd*, *pray'd*, *praye'd*, *brib'd*, *bribe'd*. Such examples of singularity neither do credit to the author's taste, nor to the printer's correctness.

The examples of negligence, indeed, on the part of the author himself, are of a nature to justify the utmost asperity of that criticism which he at once defies and provokes. Examples of verbal inaccuracy and doggrel versification abound in every page and in many successive couplets. In the subjoined lines, he makes *blaze* a verb active.

How dimly now my verse pourtrays,  
*Whate'er* his sun of prose vouchsafes to blaze."

A hireling critic is denominated

"A magazine bought Irish lad."

The second of the subjoined lines is downright doggrel.

" ————— Departed Goldsmith,  
To touch most points of literature born."

And the following expression is singularly uncouth :

"I bungle tasks my happier masters teach."

Such examples of deformity are the more inexcusable in a writer whose taste is only equalled by his wit ; and though his necessities may excuse the expensive form in which his *jeux d'esprit* are committed to the world, we are certain that some regard to poetical and typographical correctness will more effectually and substantially reward his labours than all the arts of expeditious book-making.

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THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER,

*Dedicated to Mrs. Opie.*

MR. EDITOR,

THE following affecting narrative is founded upon facts, which unhappily occurred in my neighbourhood a few years ago, and which occasioned at the time many a moistened eye. The circumstances are all fresh upon my recollection ; indeed, I have told the tale so often that I perfectly remember the most minute particulars ; and I sit down now, Sir, to commit it to paper as a warning to all future *innocents*, and *affectionate* fathers.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

4, Cow-Cross.

SAM SHAMBLE.



## THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER,

A TALE OF SAFFRON-HILL.

" The night was dark—the wind blew keenly over Tothill-fields, when Sukey, pressing her squalid child to her bosom, was travelling on foot to her father's habitation.

" ' Would to God I had never left it,' she exclaimed as the exhalations of his shop on Mutton Hill glanced upon her recollection, and appetite revealed a desire for substantials: and I think my readers will be ready to join in the exclamation when they hear the poor girl's history.

" Sukey Winterbottom was the only child of a very respectable pork-pyeman, who kept a shop on Mutton Hill; and one of a travelling description in the shape of a basket with four legs, tinned on the inside, and containing a charcoal stove to keep the ware warm, and a teapot full of gravy to be used as occasion suits, or as customers apply to have their pye filled. Old Winterbottom having lost his wife, when his daughter was very young, resolved for her sake, and that of a portly bottle which he kept by him to moisten his recollections of the dead, to form no second connection; and indeed his manly beauty considered, and the many tempting offers made to him, to carry this resolution into effect was no trifling sacrifice to parental affection. He was not rich, but then the profits of his trade were good: his customers lay chiefly about the Old Bailey, or the Horse Guards; and it is known that the gentlemen in the habit of resorting to his shop generally determine their purchase by the toss of a half-penny, and always pay their *honourable* debts cash down; his income enabled him to place his daughter at a respectable weekly academy in the neighbourhood, to purchase his own comforts, and to lay by a sum yearly towards her future maintenance. Whatever else he could spare he expended in occasional Sunday visits with Sukey to the Dog and Duck, not then shut up,

to Bagnigge Wells, and other places, the fashionable resort of the inhabitants of Saffron-hill.

“ ‘What an excellent father,’ would his neighbours exclaim, and ‘what an excellent child he has,’ was as commonly the answer. Nor was this to be wondered at, for Sukey united to a plump face and person, every accomplishment distinguishing the sex of her neighbourhood, and a great degree of that *energy* for *knock down* argument supposed to be long exclusively to the male branches.

“ For this combination of *rare* qualities Sukey was admired—for her *compliance* of temper, her *willingness* to oblige, and all that sort of thing, Sukey was beloved, and she seldom formed a *casual* acquaintance without at the same time *securing a friend*! Her father thought he loved her better than ever father loved a child before, and perhaps he was right; Sukey thought she loved him better than any man, and perhaps she was wrong. ‘I will not marry, but live single, for my father’s sake,’ she often said: but she altered her determination when a young corporal in the Guards offered his person; he was gay, young, had an insinuating manner, and was tinctured with a little of the brogue.

“ Paddy Shannon, for so he was called, was straight as a May-pole, the same size all the way up; he possessed the usual interesting bashfulness of his countrymen, talents various and useful, and his conversation was so fascinating that the woman whom he had wronged wished to be wronged again, and the creditor who called for a public-house score, went away willingly without his money, and glad to chalk up another pot to his account—delicately attached to things that were not his own, so pleasing and natural were his ways of obtaining them, that a good-natured jury was often softened by his address, and declared him innocent because tangible proofs were wanting to convict.

“ Fatal perversion of uncommon abilities! Paddy Shannon, had he been sober, honest, faithful, and industrious, might have been a respectable member of society; but

being what he was, Paddy Shannon was no more than a faithless corporal, a gay deceiver, a reeling gin-cask, and an expert mover of tangibles. He soon discovered the foible of Sukey, it was a part of his uncommon penetration. Sukey thought she was what they call a *knowing* one, but Paddy Shannon *knew* better: she valued herself on the coldness of her constitution, which she flattered herself would resist the most violent assaults of temptation—Paddy Shannon read this in her eyes, and naturally concluded that such a cold heart could only be effectually warmed by English whisky.

“ I have been thus minute in delineating the character of Paddy Shannon, not because he forms a principal figure in my narrative, for on the contrary he but glimmers through my tale a feeble light, observable only here and there, but to apologize in some degree for the frailty of Sukey, who, in my mind, could not but yield to such united perfection. When he first began to pay her those marked attentions, which she considered a prelude to an offer of marriage, he contrived to make himself as much the object of the father's dislike as of the daughter's admiration, and this distinction of opinion he accomplished by a process peculiarly his own—this was to *drink* with the daughter, but always to inveigh against the evils resulting from intoxication to the father, and always refusing to join him in the glass. Old Winterbottom thought him a milk and water companion, while Sukey thought him a lad of spirit, and a delightful fellow; thus while he insured the acceptance of his addresses by Sukey, he insured their rejection by old Winterbottom, which was just what he wanted, as he desired to have Sukey upon any other terms than those of marriage.

After dallying for some time, and finding that Sukey could not be warmed into compliance by the usual means, he opened his negotiations with the old man—thus holding out to the daughter the appearance of honorable intentions, while he was deliberately planning her ruin. Old Winterbottom rejected his suit in the first place, be-



cause he did not want to part with his daughter, in the second because Paddy could not, or would not drink with him.

“ Sukey heard the determination of her father not with that meekness of spirit characterizing some heroines, and indeed not without some sparks of resentment, and she was breaking forth in bitter lamentations at the hardness of her fate when Winterbottom entered her apartment with a countenance flexible more to liquor than to feeling: he deprecated her choice; he began by informing her of the very slender pay of a corporal, and the inconveniences to which a corporal's wife is exposed; that corporals make bad husbands, and a variety of other reasons equally as convincing to a girl who had already made up her mind.

“ ‘ But above all,’ continued the respectable pye-merchant, ‘ how can you receive the addresses of a man who informs you that his father will never sanction the marriage. Old Paddy Shannon prides himself on his family, was a serjeant in the Old Buffs, and is now a pensioner in Chelsea Hospital: advantages of birth and fortune far beyond our own, and which places an immeasurable distance between us.

“ Alas, Sukey could only answer that she was in love, and knowing no other plea she was wise enough to hold her tongue.

“ Winterbottom continued; ‘ Believe me, Sukey, I speak thus from disinterested motives, and with a perfect regard for your happiness; for although you may break your heart for the corporal, better that than be a deserted wife. Sukey, I have one more request, and that is, that you consent never more to see young Shannon, for he has the tongue of Belial, and if he should get you by yourself—

“ Here Sukey, with that becoming spirit belonging to virtue, indignantly interrupted him: ‘ Silence, you old fool,’ she exclaimed, her little nose cocked up, and her eyes leering contemptuous anger, ‘ Do you think I do not

know how to take care of myself?' Winterbottom was sorry at having vented his suspicions—Sukey was forgiving—and the matter ended.

" Sukey chiefly employed her time in retailing her father's pies at the Horse Guards—it was a cold frosty morning when young Paddy Shannon first became a customer, and fed on love—it was then he first knew not which way to turn, whether to Sukey or her pies; but having a keen appetite, he soon determined, and ever after was constant in his morning visits. But now, Paddy came not as before, and Sukey's brown cheek wore a melancholy livery—a day or two passed; at length he came; the joyous rogue, with eyes so blue, he came and feasted on her pies. Sukey on that day had been particularly successful in the sale of her ware, and looking more comely than usual, and having eight and fourpence in her pocket, Shannon pressed her close with his proposals, and aiding their effect with a glass at the suttlng house, she consented to elope with him to Gooseberry fair.

" When Winterbottom first heard of her flight, carrying with her the moveable shop, money and all, he was sitting in the tap-room of the Pig and Whistle; he had just called for a quartern of comfort, and was preparing to sip it, and read the news; but when he heard of her flight, he dropped the paper, emptied the measure, called for another, and sat down in a state of anguish, silent, but more eloquent than words. At length he broke out in the following *sorrowful* lamentations—' Gone! money, shop, and all!'—' Oh, the ungrateful baggage!'—then calling for more liquor, and emptying it as fast as called for, he continued, ' but she will return again, she's merely gone for an hour or two; she will return, and bring me the receipts of the day, and I shall pay my reckoning'—but alas, hour after hour flew, Sukey returned not, she sent no money, for Sukey had spent it.

" When Paddy Shannon and Sukey had proceeded as far as the ' AXE AND GATE,' nearly opposite to the Privy

Gardens—while standing at the bar, coolly taking a glass a piece of ‘Ladies Cordial,’ Paddy putting his hand in his pocket, with well dissembled consternation, exclaimed ‘By St. Patrick, and what can we do? I have put on a pair of breeches without any money in them.’ Sukey looked disappointed, but believing it to be the fact, she broke in upon her father’s eight and fourpence, paid the reckoning, and they departed.

“As I before observed, Sukey piqued herself on her penetration, she judged of men according to the rules of Lavater, and studied voices too: thus in the apparently artless and insinuating manner of Paddy Shannon, she was credulous in the belief of his honourable attachment, and became the victim of a villain—vanity, however, and self-love had a share in it.

“Paddy, without money, made it a pretext of returning to his lodgings; Sukey was easily prevailed upon to accompany him. To Dyot-street they repaired, where Paddy coaxed, but without success; the maid was not to be prevailed upon, and so delicate were her sentiments on virtue that she could not be induced under any consideration to remain there *one* night.

“The ardent lover went out in search of lodgings, for Sukey could not return to her father with a stain upon her reputation, and having dipped into his purse. They strolled a long time without meeting with any thing to their mind, when returning towards town from Millbank, whither their steps had led them, and by the way of the Willow Walk, they determined upon a convenient first floor, within two doors of that romantic and beautiful situation, Jenny’s Whim bridge.\* ‘Under what name and title,’ said Sukey, mournfully, ‘am I to be introduced to the woman of the house.’ ‘As my intended wife,’ cried Paddy, ‘which you shall be in a few days.’ ‘In a few days,’ exclaimed Sukey, shocked at the idea of procrastination, ‘and why not to-morrow?’ ‘Faith,’

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\* The nice attention of the author to the geography of the metropolis, and the minuteness of his story induces me to believe this a true tale.



replied Shannon, { ' these matters cannot be settled so speedily as you imagine ; you see I have not money enough to buy a licence, and we must be married by banns at the parish church, which cannot take place earlier than three weeks.'

" Sukey felt herself reduced to the necessity of complying with the arrangement, she took possession of her apartment, and Paddy returned to his lodgings delighted with his present success, and anticipating future triumph. Sukey passed a sleepless night. Paddy was constant in his visits, liberal in his gifts, mild and insinuating in his attentions, profuse in ladies' cordial, which the maiden could not refuse at his hands, and renewed his promises of marriage so often that by some accident or another Sukey found herself in bed with him one morning, to her great surprize, embarrassment, and all that.

" However, as it could not be remedied, Sukey felt no objection to a renewal of the accident, and she contented herself. She now took to darning his stockings, washing his shirts, and whitening his small clothes for parade, and soon betrayed signs of presenting him with a little one.

" It is not my intention to delineate in succession *all* the misfortunes of Sukey, or my wish to narrate *all* the artifices and stratagems of Paddy ; *how* the maiden fell, I shall conceal from prudential considerations : I wish not to raise a blush upon the cheek of innocence and youth, it is only necessary to the thread of my story to say that she did fall, and I shall rapidly hasten over the circumstances which led to her being in a cold winter's night houseless and unprotected, a melancholy wanderer towards the house of her father.

" A short time after the completion of her ruin, that is to say, after the lapse of a month or two, Paddy received orders to accompany his regiment to foreign service—Sukey could not be allowed to follow him ; ' make me your wife then before you go,' she exclaimed—Paddy said he would ; he left her with the promise, but on the very day he had appointed for that purpose, she received a letter from him, declaring that he was under sailing orders, and that

it was impossible to see her before his embarkation. Sukey was frantic with grief, she tore her hair, she ——— consoled herself with a little cordial left at the bottom of a bottle in the closet, she went to bed, she thought of her father, she cried, she sobbed, she went to sleep.

“ She dared not write to old Winterbottom, on account of the moveable pork-pye shop which Paddy had sold—on account of the eight and four-pence which she had spent ; but she determined to make enquiries about him, and she commissioned a man who sold hearth-stones in the neighbourhood of Saffron-hill, to learn all about him. The first account he brought was, that Winterbottom was well—the next, that he was dejected—then, that he was growing better, and lastly, that he was married. ‘ Married,’ exclaimed Sukey, ‘ then it is all over. My virginity gone, my father married, my seducer abroad, *no one to love, no one to protect and cherish me*\*—it is all over with me, I am undone.’ However, as time is a great reconciler of untoward events, she became calmer, and as she could not defer the time of her delivery, or run away from it, she patiently awaited it.

“ About six months after she had been a mother, Paddy returned from abroad, the subject of marriage was renewed, and the day again appointed, but Paddy was obliged to attend upon his father, who was ill, and the day was again deferred ; another appointment was made for the ceremony, but Paddy got a little too much liquor the night before, and forgot it, while Sukey slept too long in the morning ; another and another succeeded, and Sukey was continually being amused by some pretext or other, when, at length, the time arrived, the mask dropped from his face, and he stood revealed to Sukey, a despicable villain.

“ One of the band in the guards, a friend of Paddy’s, played in the orchestra at Astley’s amphitheatre, and occasionally had orders to give away to his associates—

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\* So in Mrs. Opie’s *Father and Daughter*.—The heroine there exclaims, in the absence of her seducer, “ no one to love.”—EDITOR.

he had frequently offered Paddy a couple, but they were as constantly rejected, the corporal not caring much for a shew, as he called it, and Sukey not wishing to appear in public; however, tempted to see a military burletta, founded on a recent grand battle, he at length accepted the offer, and prevailed on Sukey to accompany him; the orders were for the pit, and, going in time, they secured a tolerable good seat. The Tailor riding to Brentford contributed highly to the amusement of the audience, and Sukey herself, in the midst of all her woes, could not but relax into a smile. Paddy, fond of roving about during the performance, under the pretence of seeing a friend on the other side of the house, with whom he had particular business, left Sukey's side, and shortly after, she saw him enter the ride, arm in arm with a son of the dray, fumigated with hops and the steams of fermentation. Sukey, however, had more pleasure in dwelling on her lover, and she could not but be drawing comparisons in his favor—his corporal's jacket, his gaiters and white small-clothes, his beautiful leg, his broad shoulders, and his bewitching countenance. Sukey was still bewitched, and, in the moment of her admiration, she did not regret the accident that produced a slur upon her reputation.

“She had been for many minutes absorbed in these pleasing reflections, wholly disregarding the pantomime tricks of the clown, when two *gentlemen* abruptly pressed through the back seats of the pit, and, in spite of all opposition, secured themselves places immediately behind Sukey—vain were the cries of ‘turn him out, turn him out,’ &c. The two *gentlemen* succeeded, and with an ineffable sneer of contempt at their opponents began to discourse upon passing events. Sukey listened to all that was going forward.

“ ‘Who is that broad-shouldered potatoe-faced fellow standing in the ride,’ said one of the *gentlemen* to the other, ‘I mean he talking to Dick Sour, the brewer's man.’

“ ‘It is Paddy Shannon,’ replied the other, ‘one of the cleverest fellows in the foot guards.’



" Sukey leaned back that she might not lose one word of what was going forward.

" ' Oh, I have heard a great deal of him,' returned the former speaker; ' he's a rare fellow, has ruined more of his comrades at the game of put, and seduced more women than any lad that ever enlisted.'

" ' You say true, but I understand he is going to be married to Polly Pattipan, the pastry-cook's daughter, who sells hot plumb pudding under the Piazzas; indeed, I understand the match is to take place on Monday, that Sunday next is the last time of asking.'

" Sukey turned sick, started, blew her nose to conceal her sobs:—Paddy had told her that he should be obliged to leave her for a few weeks, and Monday was the day of parting; a foul suspicion thwarted her mind that Paddy was a sad rogue—she continued to listen with panting expectation and alarm.

" The *gentlemen* continued—the second speaker in reply, ' I heard as much, and that he marries for money—the fact is, I believe his father owes Polly Pattipan's father a beer-score ever since the review in Hyde-park, when the old gentleman went to see his son. You know that old Pattipan sells beer on those occasions, and Shannon became a customer, but he never paid, so in order to get rid of the debt, young Shannon is to marry Pattipan's daughter.—I am assured of the truth of this, for I had it from the fountain head. But I understand that she is old and ugly, with a hump on her back, and that she squints; besides, she has a formidable rival in a favorite mistress.'

" ' Mistress!' internally ejaculated Sukey, ' Oh, would that I had never run away with my father's pie-shop for such a villain. Would that I never sacrificed my virtue to such a base ingrate, but I will be revenged.'

" ' Yes, he keeps a girl,' resumed the former, ' and by all account, one deserving a better fate; her name is Sukey Winterbottom, she eloped with him from the Horse Guards where her musical voice was often heard expatiating on her father's pies.'

" Sukey sat very uneasy and could scarce restrain the violence of her grief.

" " Poor thing, by some infernal stratagem he inveigled her away, and then deceived her with false accounts of her father for the purpose of stifling her affection for him ; through the means of a detestable agent he informed her that he was married, instead of which I believe the poor devil is either dead or dying.' Sukey could hear no more, her conviction was compleat, she launched out into imprecations against her seducer, and shrieked and sobbed to the discomposure of all those who surrounded her, ' Turn her out—turn her out,' was echoed among the audience. Sukey took the hint and left her seat, hastily bursting through the audience till she gained the door, when she recognized an old associate of old Winterbottom ' Ah, Phelim,' she wildly exclaimed, ' how do you do—how is my father?' ' He is—' ' He is what,' interrupted Sukey—' He is' ' Well what is he?' impatiently she inquired—and thanking him for the information contained in the two monosyllables, darted away.\* Paddy Shannon met her in the street, and taking her hand in his they walked home together, without any explanation taking place. They arrived at their lodgings near Jenny's Whim bridge, and Sukey thinking it high time now to upbraid her deceiver, coolly told him all that she had heard. Paddy appeared wholly unconcerned, and endeavoured to appease her. Of what have you to complain? he cried; ' suppose if I do marry Polly Pattipan, if *she* has my hand, *you* will have my heart, and you will be the best off of the two.' Sukey was wild; ' we will meet no more,' she exclaimed—' not till to-morrow,' cried Paddy, ' so good night,' and, leaving her, he retired to a neighbouring pot-house. Sukey, wild with grief, took her child from the cradle, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the night, eloped from poor Paddy to seek her father's forgiveness, and it was here we picked her up at the commencement of our story.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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\* Note. Just so Mrs. Opie's heroine. The incident may be considered as beautifully depictive of the wildness of grief.

## CHOICE APHORISMS.

SIR,

IN looking over a very old, but much neglected, book, the other Sunday, I was forcibly struck with the variety of excellent maxims which one part of it contained. A sudden thought occurred to me, that a selection might be rendered useful to some of those who bear their blushing honours thick about them, and be the means of inducing to a perusal of the whole, should the parties not be entirely enveloped in the intoxicating scenes of sensual pleasures; particularly when it is an incontrovertible fact, that they issued from the pen of royalty itself. I was the more confirmed in this resolution, on being informed by my bookseller, whose judgment I have more than once had reason to commend, that, notwithstanding it is one of the cheapest works extant, it rarely makes its appearance in any part but the *kitchen* of a great number of the largest houses in and around this extensive metropolis!

Without occupying much space by way of introduction, I shall take the liberty briefly to state, that whoever deigns to turn their eyes over this golden treasury, as it may justly be termed, will find something applicable to every circumstance or station in life; and that neither the prince nor the peasant, nor any intervening gradation in society, will, in this particular, experience disappointment.

To prove such assertion, I have, by way of example, selected the following aphorisms, which I would recommend the parties, whose names are prefixed, to wear as amulets about their necks; and if they are not above the reach of advice, I have no doubt of their proving serviceable, though perhaps not altogether *anodyne*. But as my author has something to the point, it will supersede any further observations:—"As an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprovcr upon an *obedient* ear."—Prov. xxv. 12.



'That this may have its due effect, is a consummation  
sincerely wished by, Sir,

Yours, &c.

A CALM OBSERVER.

*The Regent.*—"Take away the *wicked* from before the Prince,  
and his throne shall be established in righteousness. It  
is not fit for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong  
drink, lest they forget the law, and pervert judgment.  
Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever  
is deceived thereby is not *wise*."

*Princess of Wales.*—"Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous;  
but who is able to stand before *envy*?"\*

*Duke of York.*—"He that keepeth company with *harlots* spend-  
eth his substance; for a wh--e is a deep ditch, and a  
strange woman is a narrow pit!"

*Lord Eldon.*—"It is better to dwell in a corner of the house  
top, than with a *brawling woman* in a wide house. Bet-  
ter is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house  
full of sacrifices with *strife*. He that hath no *rule* over his  
own, is like a city that is broken down, and without  
walls!"

*Duke of Bedford.*—"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy  
flocks, and look well to thy herds; for riches are not for  
ever."

*Marchioness of Hertford.*—"A *virtuous* woman is a crown to  
her husband; but she that maketh him *ashamed* is as rot-  
tenness in his bones!"

*Earl of Chatham.*—"The *slothful* man roasteth not that which  
he took in hunting; but the substance of a diligent man  
is precious. The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit,  
than seven men that can render a reason."

\* There is a passage so much to this point in Shakspeare's Henry VIII.,  
that I cannot resist the impulse of transcribing it, and saying to this amiable  
but much injured, Princess—

"..... If you are  
Traduc'd by *envious* tongues,—which neither know  
Your faculties, nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of your doing,—let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That *virtue* must go through!"

**Lord Erskine.**—"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

**Lord Ellenborough.**—"Seest thou a man that is *hasty* in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him! A word *fitly spoken* is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

**Lord Somerville.**—"Where no oxen are, the crib is clean; but much increase is by the strength of an ox."

**The Ministry.**—"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the *wicked* bear rule, the people mourn."

**Sir Vicary Gibbs.**—"He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination."

**Sir William Garrow, Attorney General.**—"It is not good to have respect of persons in judgment."

**Lady Jersey.**—"Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no *tale-bearer* the *strife* ceaseth. As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without *discretion*."

**Sir John Murray.**—"Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble, is like a broken tooth, or a foot out of joint."

**Sir Francis Burdett.**—"Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich."

**Mr. Sheridan.**—"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine."

**Mr. Coates, the Amateur of Fashion.**—"Though you should bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his *foolishness* depart from him. As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his *folly*."

**Sir John Eamer.**—"Where *pride* cometh, there cometh *shame*. Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. It is better to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to *divide the spoil* with the proud."

**Sir Richard Phillips.**—"Whoso walketh uprightly shall be safe; but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once."

**Mr. Waithman.**—"Scornful men bring a city into a snare. As coals are to burning coals, and wood to fire, so is a contentious man to kindle strife."

*Country Rectors.*—"Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the *fields of the fatherless.*"

*Commissioners of the Property Tax.*---"Rob not the poor, because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted. If they have nothing to pay [with], *why should you take away the bed from under them?*"\*

*Dealers in Mark Lane.*---"He that *withholdeth corn* the people shall curse; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that *selleth it*! He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he."

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### THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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THE frivolity of the English people, and of the fashionable world in particular, has never been more forcibly exemplified, than in the reception of Madame Stael de Holstein among the higher circles of society. But a few years have elapsed, since the name of this celebrated lady was synonymous with all that is shameless and disgusting; her novels were reprobated as the offspring of an impure but feeble fancy; her political essays regarded as unsuccessful efforts in the track of Volney and of Paine; and her miscellaneous writings, as exhibiting undoubted evidence of a perverted taste, and superficial acquaintance with books and men. The British Critic was shocked at the introduction of her works into English libraries, and the Edinburgh reviewers informed us that she would have been very dangerous if she had not been very dull.—At the present moment, however, she is received with respect and admiration in the highest circles of society; is visited by the wives and daughters of our clerical dignitaries; is praised and flattered by the

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\* This last sentence, *apropos* as it may be to the occasion, will by some be considered as an interpolation, foisted on our author by the ingenuity or whim of the writer. Yet those who will take the trouble to refer to the passage, will find that the only variation from the original is in the alteration of the persons.—See Proverbs xxii. 27.



paragraph-mongers of the press ; is complimented by her former enemies, with the title of " the first literary woman in the world ;" and sells her name to a paltry political pamphlet for greater advantages than ever rewarded the labours of a Bacon, or the genius of a Shakespeare.

The reception of Madame de Stael, however, is only a single proof out of many others that it may not be useless to recapitulate, that to be received in the world of fashion, neither intellectual nor external superiority is necessary ; that when the wise and the accomplished become the objects of imitation and attentions to the highest circles, it is quite independent of their merits, and that folly and incapacity are as easily and frequently elevated to the stage of fashion as virtue, modesty, and intelligence. The greatest favorite in this country of every fashionable party, the confidential friend of the Prince Regent, the Duke of York and all the royal family ; the companion of fashionable virgins, and the bosom confidant of our fashionable wives, the fine, happy, pleasing, agreeable, attractive Chevalier Le Cainea, dances a little, plays a little, sings a little, and abounds in small talk, on the ladies fans, on the newest fashions, and the latest news. Let him once become a solid or a thinking being, and his attractions would perceptibly diminish. As it is, he is a delightful companion, a charming friend, always lively, always amusing ; the pleasure of the old, and the model of the young : a favorite at every fete, a welcome visitor in every circle of which the pursuit is mirth and relaxation.

There are others who obtain a footing in fashionable society by administering to the love of prettiness and *double entendre*, that characterizes the taste of the present generation of the *beau monde*. A youthful poet writes and circulates among his friends a few copies of verses, the production of early youth, or of a few solitary hours. They are praised with unexpected warmth, and copies are solicited. But the author soon discovers that to pre-

sent a copy to every acquaintance who solicits it is too severe a trial of his patience. Urged therefore by a sense of his own convenience, and by the entreaties of his friends, he commits his verses to the press, and they are ushered into the world in all the elegance of Bulmer's type and Andrews's paper. The union of mellifluous verse to the ardent expression of natural but licentious feeling, recommends to the attention of love-sick maids, incontinent wives, and amorous widows. The book is read with avidity, and in circles to which time is the least valuable of possessions, the author becomes an object of general curiosity. He at length emerges from obscurity, and is invited to an "at home," or a public breakfast. It is found that he fingers the piano, and nothing will satisfy the company but one of his own songs to his own music. His first effort is received with applause, and far removed from the vulgar multitude of bards, he becomes an adopted member of the fashionable world, formed to corrupt and willing to seduce the wives and sisters of his exalted admirers.—Such characters may be found among the most popular poets of the day, and are hourly increasing.

I have now within my view an individual, of the clerical profession, who has grown grey in indecency and licentiousness. A black-leg in sporting; a brute in the common intercourse of life; equally destitute in all his actions of that propriety which becomes his sacred profession, and that regard to the feelings of others without which even civilized society would exhibit all the rudeness of the savage state, without its liberty: a drunkard, a blasphemer, and a boxer,—this reverend gentleman is a favorite visitor of a certain great house, mingles with self-confidence in the first parties in the nation; and possesses a more intimate knowledge of courtly secrets than any other reverend individual, and was lately honoured by the most public marks of princely condescension.

The fashionable world is at once burthened and entertained by a description of pseudo gentility, who sal-

ly forth after their morning studies at the Temple, and pass the evening in the display of their talents for recitation and for oratory. They are usually proteges of antiquated dowagers, who pride themselves on the attentions paid them by men so young, in return for their patronage and introduction. With incomes just sufficient to support every expence but that of a dinner, they are reduced to the utmost difficulty in their endeavours to keep up a respectable appearance, and are compelled to eke out their allowance of white handkerchiefs and silk stockings with the most anxious œconomy. The hosts by whom they are invited to dine, observe what a pity it is that they should aspire to society so much above them, and neglect their studies and circumscribe their incomes by mingling in scenes of fashionable gaiety. They assist however in passing away the time; they can spout, and recite, and harangue, can answer a difficult question without subjecting the master of the house to a reference to an Encyclopedia; will take a joke without resentment, are very attentive to the dessert and the tea-urn, and supply the places of *bell-pullers* to their hostesses. It is true indeed that they are visibly regarded as out of their proper sphere, and as remaining in good society merely by sufferance, with all the cares and mortifications of subservience. But a good dinner, and the pleasure of talking to their friends of Lord Somebody, and the Marchioness of Anything, are sufficient compensations to the tribe of T——s, for all the insults and humiliations to which they are subjected.

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## PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS OF ENGLISH BO- ROUGHS, *taken during the present year.*

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### KENT.

*Queenborough.*—Two Views taken by the ministry, and to be seen in St. Stephen's Chapel.

1. The son of a Bedfordshire Baronet, of considerable influence, represented as a Lord of the Admiralty, and ready to



support a certain set of men, right or wrong; a gentleman of a very complying disposition; an aye man on ministerial questions, very serviceable on a division.—*Painted by Osborne.*

2. An Admiral's Flag, not the worse for service, wholly unknown by the enemy; but fills a seat in the Commons under the orders of my Lord Castlereagh, and is found tractable enough.—*Painted by Admiral Moorsom.*

Queenborough was always depicted with a view of the Ordnance, until 1802, when a short-lived independence effaced it from the canvass—however it soon regained its former hue, and is now as before a picture in the possession of the ministry, purchased of 157 suffrages.

*Maidstone.*—1. A View of a Banking-house, with a merchant's warehouse, warm in the rays of ministerial favor.—*Painted by George Sims, Esq.* a gentleman in the firm of Bruce, De Pointhieu and Co.

2. A Knight of St. Joachim, and a member of the muses; not staunch.—*Painted by Sir Egerton Brydges.*

Maidstone was incorporated by Edward the Sixth, and sent members to parliament; lost its right on account of Wyatt's rebellion, but regained it the second of Elizabeth. Influence in the stationery office over 1706 suffrages.

*Dover.*—1. A Ministerial Cypher, a cousin of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, of which this is the chief; a man of strong ministerial stamina, and rewarded by some of the good things in the Liverpool gift.—*Painted by Chas. Jenkinson, Esq.*

2. A Director of the East India Company, and necessarily a supporter of monopoly, a good understanding perverted, ready at all times to sacrifice his opinion to his interest.—*Painted by John Jackson, Esq.*

Dover is remarkable for its long struggle for independence which it never resigned until the last election. Some time back complaint was made to the house of the impressment of pilots and seamen to prevent their votes being given to independent candidates; the house considered but never came to any resolution.

*Sandwich.*—A Peer's half brother, an Admiral, and a Lord of the Admiralty, fond of place, and at all times ready to say aye to continue it.—*Painted by Sir Joseph Sidney Yorke, Knt.*

2. A Portrait of independence struggled for by the suffragers, and at length obtained, a bale of English Merchandize, known and respected at the Stock Exchange and Lloyd's.—*Painted by Joseph Marriat, Esq.*

Sandwich, one of the Cinque Ports, not so much in the interest of the Lord Warden as Dover, may probably recover itself from the influence of placemen. Right of election is vested in the inhabiting freemen receiving alms or not.

*Hythe*.—1. A caricature portrait of an alderman, merchant, banker, and baronet, family transplanted from Devonshire, and nurtured in the metropolis by monopoly.—*Painted by Sir John Perring, Bart.*

2. A sketch of independence in a London merchant, whose means are limited, whose speculations have not been prosperous, but who continues to divide with those men who value the welfare of the constitution more than the bait of place and pension.—*Painted by M. White, Esq.*

Hythe is another of the Cinque Ports in which ministerial influence has a little declined, but not sufficiently so to argue the hope of reformation in parliament.

*Romney*.—1. An Admiral's flag hoisted in St. Stephen's, and waving in debate, while it would be better employed on the seas, in deterring an enemy, already grown confident by success and bold in enterprize.—*Painted by Sir J. T. Duckworth, Knt.*

2. The portrait of a Grecian historian, an elder brother of a peer, silent in debate, but a man of learning, a philanthropist, a steady friend of the people.—*Painted by William Mitford, Esq.*

#### ESSEX.

*Colchester*.—1. Sketch of a Marshal of the Admiralty, a director of the East India Company, and a consul of the Russia Company. To be found on the ministerial benches in St. Stephen's.—*Painted by R. Thornton, Esq.*

2. A ministerial thick and thin, a determined hack, with neither blood nor bone, but long-winded, and ready for any job for a feed of cabbage. A mere copy of a wretched original, sent to St. Stephen's from Bristol.—*Painted by Richard Hart Davis, Jun. Esq.*

*Malden*.—1. Water-gruel in a state of fermentation, a peer's warming-pan.—*Painted by Joseph Holden Strutt, Esq.*

2. Portrait of a senator habited like a ram in a black wig, a companion to the former.—*Painted by Benjamin Gaskell, Esq.*

*Harwich*.—1. A finger-post to preferment, on which is engraved the route and starting-post, with the necessary qualifica-

tion. A puritan, younger brother of a puritan peer, with the road by way of a lord of the Treasury, afterwards secretary to the Treasury, and direct through the office of joint paymaster-general, and a commissioner of the India board, to the comfortable haven of an under secretary of state!—*Painted by the Rt. Hon. John Hiley Addington.*

2. An inside view of a lawyer's office, illustrated with all the insignia of the profession, interest tables, six and eight-pences, &c. &c. By some sort of legerdemain, the scene changes to a view of Downing-street, with a portrait of a chancellor of the exchequer. This painting is a very *heavy* performance, although assisted by mechanism—it is generally complained of, excites no other interest than that of apprehension, and is considered as a mill-stone round the neck of old England.—*Painted by the Rt. Hon. Nicholas Vansittart.*

Note. The two counties of Kent and Essex return six and twenty members to parliament, of which number eighteen are at the *command* of ministers.—EDITOR.

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### CRIM. CON. OR, FASHIONABLE FORBEARANCE.

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SIR,

THE issue of the action brought by Mr. Goodall against the friendly attorney who robbed him for ever of his domestic happiness, has excited the indignation and astonishment of every advocate for British freedom and the rights of man. That five thousand pounds should be paid by an unfortunate lawyer, for the venial indiscretions that a prince or a priest may commit with undisturbed impunity, is disgraceful to the system under which such persecution is admitted, to the judge beneath whose sanction the law is administered, and to the jury by whose decision the amount of damages is determined. Had Captain Goodall possessed only the common feelings of a courtier, he would never have adopted the vile and odious means of revenge and satisfaction to which he had recourse. Delighted by the preference given to his wife,



and by the opportunity of affording happiness to a friend, and by a desirable relief from the cares and the burthens of matrimonial duty, he would have treated the affair as a common but pleasing bagatelle, and demanded at the utmost a proper introduction to some fair relative or protegee of Mr. Fletcher, with whom he might while away the melancholy hours during which he would otherwise have had occasion to regret the absence of his spouse.

This, Sir, I can assure you, is the regular manner of accommodating such trivial differences in the circles of fashion. A young cornuto of outrageous honor, or an old and uxorious husband, who possesses neither confidence in his wife nor liberality towards his friends, may occasionally disgrace the circles of the *ton* bon by stupid and vulgar appeals to the justice of their country; but they are regarded as Goths and Vandals by the courtly circles, who adapt their morals and their manners to the temper and wishes of their prince, and every action for adultery is regarded as a satire on the most exalted characters.

The unfrequency, therefore, of the actions for crim. con. during the preceding year in the circles of fashionable life, does not proceed from the gradual declension of adultery, but from a virtual compact, by which the leaders of the *ton* mutually pledge themselves to abstain from all that might be offensive to the court, or that might have a tendency to circumscribe the range of fashionable pleasure. This spirit of forbearance is still further extended and encouraged by the access that it opens to every species of sensual intercourse. The woman who is herself addicted to incontinence regards without reproach the infidelities of her husband, that she may be left to indulge in her own propensities; and the husband who has lost, through the arts of an unprincipled friend, the comforts and pleasures of domestic life, at once supplies the happiness he has lost, and gratifies the pride of amicable retaliation by in-

tion. A puritan, younger brother of a puritan peer, with the road by way of a lord of the Treasury, afterwards secretary to the Treasury, and direct through the office of joint paymaster-general, and a commissioner of the India board, to the comfortable haven of an under secretary of state!—*Painted by the Rt. Hon. John Hiley Addington.*

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triguing with the daughter or the sister of his wife's seducer.

That incidents like these are not the imaginary creation of an idle fancy, permit me to demonstrate by a recapitulation of one or two singular examples of innocent adultery. In the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square lives the celebrated Reverend Dr. C——, a gentleman who possesses a greater number of benefices than any other clergyman in the country who has not attained the dignity of a bishop. He has always been a welcome visitor in Pall-Mall; is a member, notwithstanding his profession, of several bacchanial and convivial clubs, and engages in the chorus to every Paphian song with lungs that *Bengo Collier* himself might envy. About five years ago, he was a constant visitor at the house of a younger brother of the family of H——d, who took a fancy to his wife, and prosecuted his addresses, while the reverend sot was drinking with "*the bucks*," or gambling at White's. The parson himself, however, had not misspent his mornings in inactivity. The sister of the seducer of his wife, such is the folly and depravity of the minor branches of a family when their natural protector is profligate and negligent, yielded to the seductions of age and ugliness, and the possession of the sister is regarded as a compensation for the seduction of the wife; and the husband and the lover, after a social supper with their respective frail ones, retire to different apartments in the reverend cornuto's residence—the parson consenting to the infamy of his wife, the *honourable* witnessing without remorse the ruin of his sister.

Lord —— has had three wives, two of whom he consigned to an early grave by his cruelty and debauchery. The third he married because of her frankness of temper, and her willingness to assist his inquiries into the mysteries of love. After the possession of a month, he frankly avowed his satiety, and requested her permission to invite Lady A. to the Abbey, expressing his willingness to

acquiesce in the temporary residence of any gallant she might think proper to select for her own recreation. His obliging helpmate complied with his request, and took advantage of his permission. Lady A. became for a few months a regular inhabitant of the Abbey, and Lord P——m fulfilled, for the same period, the office of Cicisbeo to the lady.

On this plan of domestic felicity have this happy couple passed fourteen years in amicable intrigue. The lady personates the sponsors of her husband's *bye-blows*, and the offspring of her adulterous love are caressed by the contented husband with all the tenderness of a real parent.

Lord —— was born with a great share of good sense, which he improved by assiduous application to his studies, and being possessed of a happy constitution, and an agreeable person, he was likely to become a favourite member of the fashionable world. He had been some time at the University, when the occurrence of the treaty of Amiens afforded him an opportunity of visiting the capital of France. His tutor was a young man of lively inclinations and strong passions; but who had hypocrisy sufficient to prevent the friends and relatives of his pupil from discovering his foibles. When they were no longer within the compass of observation, they gave a loose to every species of extravagance, and the parson finding in the object of his care a disposition similar to his own, they mutually engaged in debauchery and folly.

At Paris they made acquaintance with the *filles de joie* and figurantes of the theatre, and passed a winter in one constant course of libertinism and dissipation. Lord —— was detected with the mistress of a captain in the legion of honor who called him to account; the tutor of Lord —— was his second: the captain was shot; and the party obliged to fly to England, but not before Lord —— had been married to an opera dancer, with whose agility he had been captivated, and whose virtues had been felt and eulogized by his reverend companion.

On their return to England his lordship appointed his clerical friend to the rank of his domestic chaplain, and conferred upon him the first living that fell vacant within his patronage. Many years of pleasure and adultery passed away, during which Lady —— appeared to regard her husband's infidelities with indifference; and his lordship might still have flattered himself with the idea of possessing a wife whose chastity resisted every provocation to revenge, had not an unexpected return from a shooting-party subjected him to the necessity of witnessing the raptures of his *cara sposa* in the arms of his reverend chaplain, and the vows of eternal attachment uttered by her reverend seducer. The usual self-confidence of the parson did not forsake him on the present occasion. He boldly avowed that the illicit intercourse between her ladyship and himself had commenced in the capital of France, and claimed the gratitude of his patron for having acted as a willing substitute in the fulfilment of his matrimonial duties. Lord —— neither run his chaplain through the body, nor foolishly disturbed the house, by expressions of indignation at his lady's conduct; he calmly left the room and in a few moments sent his servant with a billet, containing an intimation that since B——m Parsonage was far from S——, and the season inclement, he might as well make S—— house the place of his constant residence. The offer was accepted, and the lady and the chaplain reside in all the pomp and pleasure of deliberate adultery, beneath the roof of the patron cornuto.

P. P.



## GOLDEN MOTTOS,

CHOICELY CULLED TO ADORN THE BROWS OF THE GREAT.

(Continued from page 74.)

## MOTTO XIII.

“*Nec timere, nec timide.*”——LORD D\*\*L\*\*GT\*N.

Neither rashly nor cowardly.

No son of the turf but will forthwith declare,  
 How aptly this motto is fitted;  
 In *betting* no man e'er evinced greater care,  
 For thou art, i' faith, Yarkshire witted.\*

No *rashness* on *knavesmire* was surely display'd,  
 When *knowing ones* look'd for a relish,  
 Poor *Sancho* broke down; what a slippery jade  
 Prov'd Fortune to dashing young M-l-l-sh.†

But now t'other half of this motto to shew  
 When eager the hounds thou dost follow,  
 It seems to old Nick thou would'st willingly go,  
 Ev'ry man of the field to beat hollow.

Nor *cowardly* dost thou at table appear,  
 As quietly pouring down throttle,  
 Of port eight decanters, and then with brain clear,  
 Toasting joys of the turf with *ninth bottle*.‡

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\* A *Yarkshire bite* is no new thing; but when a person, in addition to his birth-right, adds the refinement of an horse jockey, what can be expected but that

Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.

† If any merit be attachable to the pursuit of the turf, no individual is more deserving of encomium than the above-mentioned personage, whose conduct has been invariably governed by the rules of honour and fair dealing, two characteristics of inestimable price when coupled with an hero of New-market notoriety.

‡ Nocturno certaus mero—Horace.

or thus:

I am the man that did the bottle bring,  
 And tied the bottle to the bottle-string.

## MOTTO XIV.

"*Virtute et Numine.*"—LORD CL\*N\*\*\*RY.

By valour and the assistance of God.

Of thy valour nothing knowing,  
I, of course, cannot be showing,  
Or if God assistance lends thee,  
Yet I'm sure one good befriends thee;  
Since 'twas heav'n's all kind decree,  
Thou from wedlock should'st be free.  
Let no pangs of goading honour  
Ever make thee think upon her;  
Call to mind the countless numbers  
Doom'd by fate to cuckold slumbers,  
Left to pass their wretched lives,  
Curs'd with antlers, curs'd with wives.\*

## MOTTO XV.

"*Virtus in actione consistit.*"—LORD CR\*v\*N.

Virtue consists in deeds.

If virtue doth in deeds consist,  
Then surely some the goal have miss'd,  
By making most degrading slip,  
From brilliant acts to jockeyship,  
And heal'd up former deadly schism  
'Twixt nobleness and pugilism.†

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\* The frequency of *intrigue*, as it is now fashionably termed, has of late years been productive of *divorces* too numerous for insertion; no class of the community has escaped the *horned* honour. My Lord has, in *some instances*, been proud of it; the soldier has tamely submitted to it; the sailor, from long and frequent absence, takes it for granted; it is a legal right entailed upon the lawyer; the shopkeeper accounts it as a part of his stock in trade; and the mechanic does not trouble his head about it, for his maxim is, "half a loaf is preferable to none at all;" in short,

"Les femmes peuvent tout, parcequ'elles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent tous.

† This Herculean *science* inducts a man into the most *striking* company, setting at nought the logic of the schools, and as to the boasted sophists, they are mere milk-sops to such powerful opponents. Your ancients would consume months in proving that *black was white*; but here are men that will close up your *daylight* in the twinkling of an eye, and *hit* a point with such pre-

Whereto they are so close allied,  
Asunder they will ne'er divide.

Or if for *continence* they'll shine  
'Tis by intrigues with Columbine,  
And shining forth rank harlot's tools,  
No Harlequins but motley fools;  
Of whom let's say, since such to act are fit,  
*STULTITIA\* in actione consistit.*

MOTTO XVI.

"*Be fast.*"—EARL OF MEXBOROUGH.

Though the parson binds fast,  
Yet affection will last,  
For in first love there is such a charm,  
Tho' a woman should wed  
E'en my lord—from his bed  
The young urchin would fly in alarm.

If a man wou'd ensure  
And seal love secure,  
Affection should ne'er be o'ercast;  
For 'tis true love alone,  
Loosens Venus's zone,  
And can make her ever *be fast*.†

cision as to discover in what region of the *stomach* the vital spark (or *breathing*) inhabits: then who would not barter the honours of a family name to league himself with preceptors thus ably fraught with *knock-me-down* arguments to level all opponents.

\* *Folly certainly consists in acting*, and he plays most the fool whose conduct proves him to be most estranged from wisdom. To be sure, Harlequin is always clad in a motley coat—even so are fools; no wonder then, that Columbine should long have lured so great a zany to her purposes. However, it is always time to amend; and, on this account, the puppet-shew gives way to the more exalted effusions of Melpomene, and indeed it is shrewdly surmised that the hymeneal curtain has dropped upon a deep tragedy.

† It is an opinion very erroneously cherished by some men, that the splendor which accompanies title and fortune, will banish from the female breast all recollection of a prior affection. I grant such may prove the case with a mind incapable of appreciating the true refinements of love; but when a sensitive and well-educated understanding has once received and approved the fond impression, no sounding name or brilliancy of equipage can oblit-



## MOTTO XVII.

"*Benigno Numine.*"——LORD CHATHAM,

By God's blessing.

'Tis not by blessing of a God  
That you reside in land of *Nod*,  
And rise from bed at *four* ;  
Nor does the Lord bid you again,  
On pillow rest your head at *ten*  
To take an eight hours snore\*.

Perhaps you think your brain will teem  
With wondrous wonders dream  
Of *Boney's* ships aground,  
How you in *visions* gain a *fleet*,  
*Visions* that would be vastly sweet,  
Were *truth* in dreams but found.

So dream on still, but when awake  
I hope and trust for England's sake  
You never may aspire  
To mighty deeds, for I'll be free,  
Your mind, *Benigno Numine*,  
Will ne'er set the Thames on fire.

O ! if the honour'd shade of P—t  
Marks from on high this dearth of wit,  
His ghost will soon run wild† ;

---

rate the charm from her soul. She may, indeed, by an heroic struggle with herself acquire externally the semblance of content, though it too frequently occurs that the endeavour is nugatory, when specious pleasure holds out the delusive bait at which she grasps, to bury mental anguish in the vortex of libertinism and folly.

\* For a person who has state affairs to transact, and to whose care the lives of thousands of his Majesty's liege subjects is entrusted, this appears to me a very novel method of proceeding ; it is, however, precisely on a par with the conduct of his late employers, who were always sleeping when they should be awake, and so *vice versa* to the no small discomfiture of the public mind, which has to contemplate expeditions of no avail, enormous expenditures without effect, and the wanton exhaustion of our best blood for the acquirement of nothing but *disgrace*.—This practice of emulating the seven sleepers of old, has, however, nothing novel to recommend it, as a certain personage, when first Lord of the Admiralty, was technically termed *the late Lord C———m*.

† O ! could the ancestors of two thirds of our present *nobility stock* but take a peep from their cold marble mausoleums, they would no doubt af-

That spirit never slumbering found,  
Should waken with last trumpet's sound,  
This lazy Morpheus' child.

MOTTO XVIII.

“*Trial by Jury.*”——LORD ERSKINE.

Let no one on this motto trench,  
Exclaims my pleader at the Bench,  
For he that trenches on this motto  
I'd fain see burnt, or drown'd, or shot O.

Let no one *Habeas Corpus* slight,  
Of Britons 'tis the grand birth-right ;  
Since he that proves his right's depraver,  
Of freedom is the worst enslaver.

May such thy symbol always prove,  
And claim of Albion's race the love :  
So shall we dare despotic fury,  
With *Habeas Corpus* and our *Jury*.\*

MORE OF THE FETE.

VAUXHALL FETE.—So much has public curiosity been excited by this very splendid fete, that we should feel ourselves remiss in duty did we not pay it every attention, and allow it a proportion of our pages, commensurate with its subject, and the enquiry to be expected of our readers.

We do not rush forward to tear the laurel from the brow of the soldier who has bravely fought and bravely conquered, but while inspired to enthusiasm by his noble daring, we feel a tear of commiseration fall, for the gallant comrade who dropped by his side—we do not stand forth to mingle the dews of detraction

fright the spheres with their enhorrored yells ; in vain would they seek one attribute connected with their former dignity ; all true stamp worn off, and nothing left of originality but the drop and base die of a true *Birmingham* counterfeit.

- \* *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*  
*Non civium ardor prava jubentium,*  
*Non vultus instantis tyranni,*  
*Mente quatit solida,*

*Horace.*

with the steams of triumph, and damp the blaze of glory; for we feel all the ardent satisfaction that man can feel, for the exploits at Vittoria; we enthusiastically shout the name of Wellington and Victory; we hold up our hands to encircle his brow with the wreaths of glory: yes, and we would warmly press to our hearts every surviving hero of that day, and shout his name in equal triumph—and in after times, when peace shall return the heroes to their homes, when the busy finger shall point out, ‘that man fought at Vittoria,’ we shall estimate him as one who bravely fought for the liberties of his ally, and by his valour won them.

But while these are our feelings, while thus our hearts responsive swell to our bosom’s glow, we cannot but turn our eye to the bleeding field, strewn over with many a gallant soldier dead and dying—and with the feeling quick as thought, we look for the unction to allay his anguish, we hear his dying words, “I have fought—I die for you—protect my wife and children.” We here see a son, a noble youth maimed, and the life flowing through his gaping wound, “I have a mother,” he exclaims, “old and helpless; I was her only comfort, her only support, seek her out, protect her, for remember she is *my* mother, and I have died for *you*.”—There another, dragging his limbs snail-like over the mangled corpses of his comrades, “I have a father,” he shrieks, and death terminates his grief—another cries “carry consolation to my poor wife, tell her I died happy, that I know my country will be generous to my widow and my children, and they shall not want;” we turn immediately to see what our country has done, or is doing—the Vauxhall fete—alas! we find no one of the duties above alluded to emanating from the Vauxhall fete!

We penetrate into the military hospitals in Spain and Portugal, we see there the wretched pallet rendered as comfortable as situation will admit, crowded with the wounded; we hear their shrieks, we see the business of amputation going on, and we behold the noble-minded fellows, bearing their suffering with as much firmness as human nature will admit of—news arrives from England—News! what news?—an account of rejoicings, of feasts and festivals, of the Vauxhall fete! The poor invalid reads—he hungereth after something—he sighs—is pleased that the expenditure of his blood has produced such pleasurable sensations among his countrymen—but a letter



from his wife brings no words of comfort—she smiles not, she participates not in the joy; surrounded by her children enquiring anxiously after their parent, and crying for bread; her letter breathes the keenest grief, and the most heart-felt concern for her dear partner's pangs.

The soldier's languid eye throws out a tear upon his labouring chest, he drops back upon his pillow—what are rejoicings to him but a mockery of his sufferings if his wife and children are not made happy? What to him festivals and fetes, when his own children hungereth—he drops back upon his pillow with feverish concern and disappointment, and the progress of recovery is retarded.

Fancy again transports us to the widow's tenement—to the childless mother's afflicted home, where unavailing tears are shed and sighs from broken hearts shriek at the notes of joy.—Every newsman's horn announcing victory renews her grief, the bells that peal a triumph is the knell of their loss; the gaudy lights that blaze in the public streets, are the tapers burning over the corpse; and the festival meats of Vauxhall remind her of a funeral dinner—every thing—every thing is depictive of her woe, and turned to sad account.

This is the state of things, these are the unhappy consequences of war, that gaunt form that devastates and feeds upon the mother's hope, the wife's support—and these are the reflections which a battle brings with it, and which we would not but feel with Christian-like sensibility—Thus, then, we condemn the Vauxhall fete; condemn it, because it was not a proper mode of triumph: it was saying “they have fought and conquered, let us sit down and testify our gratitude and admiration by a sumptuous dinner, to conclude with fire-works, a dance, &c. &c. things which we relish.” Is there any man possessing the common attributes of reason, will admit this a proper testification of gratitude and applause? any man in whose brain floats the most undigested atoms of reflection, in the most crude and imperfect state, that would not deprecate such a scheme? We say, no man. No man who, when he reads the Gazette, bringing glorious news, and giving a list of the killed and wounded, if he would consent to ask himself this one question, “Have these sufferers left any relatives behind to deplore their loss?”

It will be replied, what then would have been the proper method? what ought we have done to have testified our gratitude to the

gallant hero, and his brave followers, for the signal success of their arms? To the cold heart that could thus enquire, thus would we answer.—On the arrival of the unprecedented news, when the first burst of joy was over, and strewed over the country was many an aching heart, it was an imperative duty to have sought the immediate relatives of the dead and wounded, and poured a balsam upon their woes, a healing balsam, reconciling them to their loss, and uniting their hearts as far as circumstances could admit with the prevalent satisfaction.

They should have been sought out, and thus addressed, “you have lost a son, you a brother, you a father, you a husband, dry your tears, remember they died like heroes for their country, their fate was glorious, their names will not perish in the tomb; it will live, live in the memory of after ages,” and it shall be an honor to the man to say—“my father died at Vittoria;” “be of good comfort, for as they have died for *us*, so we come to succour *you*—no countenance shall be sad on this glorious occasion; dry your tears, for we will be to you the relative you have lost.” Thus should have been said, and thus too should have been done. If a rejoicing dinner were necessary, why then let it have been for the hungry, for the relatives of those who fell, and from the smiles radiating from their countenances, yours should have been reflected:—thus joy would have been perfect, commemoration complete.

Having said so much about what ought to have been, let us say something about what was, and happy should we be if we could concur with the *Morning Post* or the *Herald*, in their rhapsodies; but we feel we cannot fly by such slender wings. Those wretched journals are too much inoculated with Carlton House fever to enter into our feelings; and we are, thank Heaven, with too much of human nature to emulate theirs. We know the exhalations of a court are inaccessible to the dews of pity, that the pomp and pageant of a Regent should not be sullied by the sighs of suffering; though we think we could point out a few old monarchs who earned a people’s love by other efforts than those of fetes and shows, and by such means did not diminish the lustre of their reign.

But a fete was determined on, a *national fete, limited and select*! We cannot help smiling at the misnomers—we know that dinner tickets, out of a particular line, were not to be had for love or money, as Sir Charles Flint can testify, while the evening

tickets were *selling* at Carlton-house and the other masquerade warehouses, at whatever they would fetch, up to so late an hour as eleven in the evening, and bringing prices from eight guineas down to fifteen shillings: we know also that the cheapest shop was in *Pall-Mall*. However, the fete was given, and, according to some of the newspapers, with all the magnificence of eastern splendor—one of them bursts out into the following sublime account:—"Those who have witnessed the gaudy displays of eastern profusion, or those whose strong imaginations have *out-run* the fabled description of Arabian story, *may* form some *cold* and *imperfect* idea of the dazzling splendor and of the unbounded magnificence of the scene: to those whose notions have been formed upon the *vulgar* standard of metropolitan illuminations, or of civic festivals, we *despair* of conveying *even* an *adequate* picture of what was yesterday witnessed by the admiring visitors.

"When we reflect, in commencing, that within the boundary of Vauxhall Gardens, in the course of the evening, was collected nearly all the nobility, wealth, splendour, and beauty of the three kingdoms; *that nature was ransacked, and art exhausted*, to contribute to the pomp and lustre of the entertainment, language seems to sink under the burthen, and we *search in vain* for words that are suited to the grandeur of the subject."

Have mercy upon us! we can hardly recover from the amazement—this paragraph has almost annihilated us with wonder of wonders—prose upon stilts treading on air. Such rhapsody we might have expected from a garretteer, in the practice of eating his toasted cheese by rush-light; but from a *well-bred* editor, well—but let us see] if in sober words we cannot convey some idea of this wonderful fete—let us see. At about half past five, upon the arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, acting as president on the occasion, about 1250 persons sat down to a cold dinner, with the exception of turtle soup. The Duke of York sat at the head of a semi-circular table in the Rotunda, which was raised on a platform, and appropriated to the royal family, the foreign ambassadors, and the ministers. At the back of his Royal Highness was a profusion of the richest gold and silver plate, surmounted by a bust of the Marquis Wellington, and displaying the *baton* of the Field-Marshal Jourdan. At the back of the chair were stationed two trumpeters, and a grenadier holding the standard of the 100th regiment of French horse. There were four more tables in the



Rotunda appropriated to the lord mayor, aldermen, and such of the stewards as were not engaged in making arrangements; Other tables were laid in the different apartments, and the whole were lighted by wax candles, placed upon the tables, magnificent glass lustres, alabaster globes of patent lamps and other lights, grouped in crowns, wreaths, festoons, pyramids, &c. certainly producing the most novel and beautiful effect. The proprietors of the London Tavern have published the following list of good things as furnished by them; and from the quantity one would really presume that the whole company was composed of aldermen.

- 250 Large tureens of turtle,
- 150 Dishes of chickens, two and three in a dish,
- 50 Turkey poult and pullets,
- 30 Pigeon pies,
- 30 Large venison pasties,
- 10 Surloins of beef,
- 6 Rounds of beef,
- 15 Hams,
- 30 Neats tongues, besides pastry, shell fish, fruit, &c. &c.

The wines consisted of madeira, claret, and port—Iced punch was introduced, and the whole was of fine flavor. About 30 public singers attended, who sang *Non Nobis Domine* on the removal of the cloth, and in relief of the toasts. The health of the Marquis Wellington was drank with an enthusiasm unprecedented. About nine o'clock the gentlemen rose from the table, and soon after the ladies were admitted. It was now the gardens shone in a blaze of unexampled lustre; but it was generally admitted, that the lamps might have been more tastefully arranged. The company continued flocking in until between two and three in the morning, when, despairing of access, after waiting many hours, numbers returned to their homes, fatigued, jaded, and disappointed. At eleven o'clock, the carriages extended in one uninterrupted line, the whole length from Piccadilly to the garden. Our limits oblige us to conclude, and for lengthened details we must beg leave to refer our readers to the Morning Post.

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Theatricals we are under the necessity of postponing until our next.











THE R-G-NCY PARK.





Published September 1<sup>st</sup> 1813  
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# A CATALOGUE OF ANIMALS, BIRDS, FISHES, REPTILES, &c.

COLLECTED TO STOCK

## THE R——— PARK.

[N. B. As, in the progress of the numbers, it will be necessary to allude to animals, &c. which have not been fully described under their proper heads, it has been deemed requisite to insert the accompanying list, which will serve as a key to the grand exhibition.]

The Old Buck	- - - - -	The R——.
Penguin	- - - - -	The D—— of Y——.
Sea Calf	- - - - -	——— C——.
Sword Fish	- - - - -	——— C——.
Sloth	- - - - -	——— S——.
Hyæna	- - - - -	—— Q——.
Chaste, or White Doe	- -	P—— of W——.
Kidling	- - - - -	P—— Charlotte.
Pheasant	- - - - -	D——s of Y——.
Lynx	- - - - -	L—y D——s.
King Fisher	- - - - -	L—d M——a.
Jackall	- - - - -	M'M——n.
Wolf	- - - - -	L—d C——r——h.
Carrion Crow	- - - - -	—— E——n.
Hog	- - - - -	—— E——r——h.
Ferret	- - - - -	Sir V——y G——s.
Lurcher	- - - - -	The A——y G——.l.
Golden Eagle	- - - - -	Sir S——l R——y.
Dutch Pug	- - - - -	C——el—r of the E—— q——.
Spaniel	- - - - -	R. B. S——n.
Mongrel Cur	- - - - -	Sir B——e D—l—y.
Sea Wolf	- - - - -	M——r C——r.





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ENCY

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## *A Catalogue of Birds, &c.*

Lion	- - - - -	Mr. W—b—d.
Terrier	- - - - -	B—m.
Boa Constrictor	- - - - -	E—l of L—p—l.
Mastiff	- - - - -	Mr. P—y.
Dormouse	- - - - -	L—d C—m.
Rein Deer	- - - - -	M—s of H—d.
Cuckoo	- - - - -	Mr. C—n—g.
Cock-a-doodle-doo	- - - - -	Mr. C—s.
Syren	- - - - -	M—tr—ss B—g—n.
Mermaid	- - - - -	J—n.
Poodle Dog	- - - - -	C—l B—m—d.
Monkey	- - - - -	Mr. S—ff—n.
Chatterer	- - - - -	L—y H—we.
Bull Calf	- - - - -	Sir F—s B—tt, alias John Bull.
Sphinx	- - - - -	M—s C—e.
Fox	- - - - -	L—d Gr—le.
Goat	- - - - -	M—s W—s—y.
Ourang Outang	- - - - -	D—e of N—k.
Mole	- - - - -	Lord H—ll—d.
Camelion	- - - - -	Mr. C—b—t.
Weazle	- - - - -	L—d Grey.
Owl	- - - - -	C—hc—t.
Tit-mouse	- - - - -	Sir T—s T—w—tt.
Woodpecker	- - - - -	L—d G—b—r—e.